

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,021



JUNE 22, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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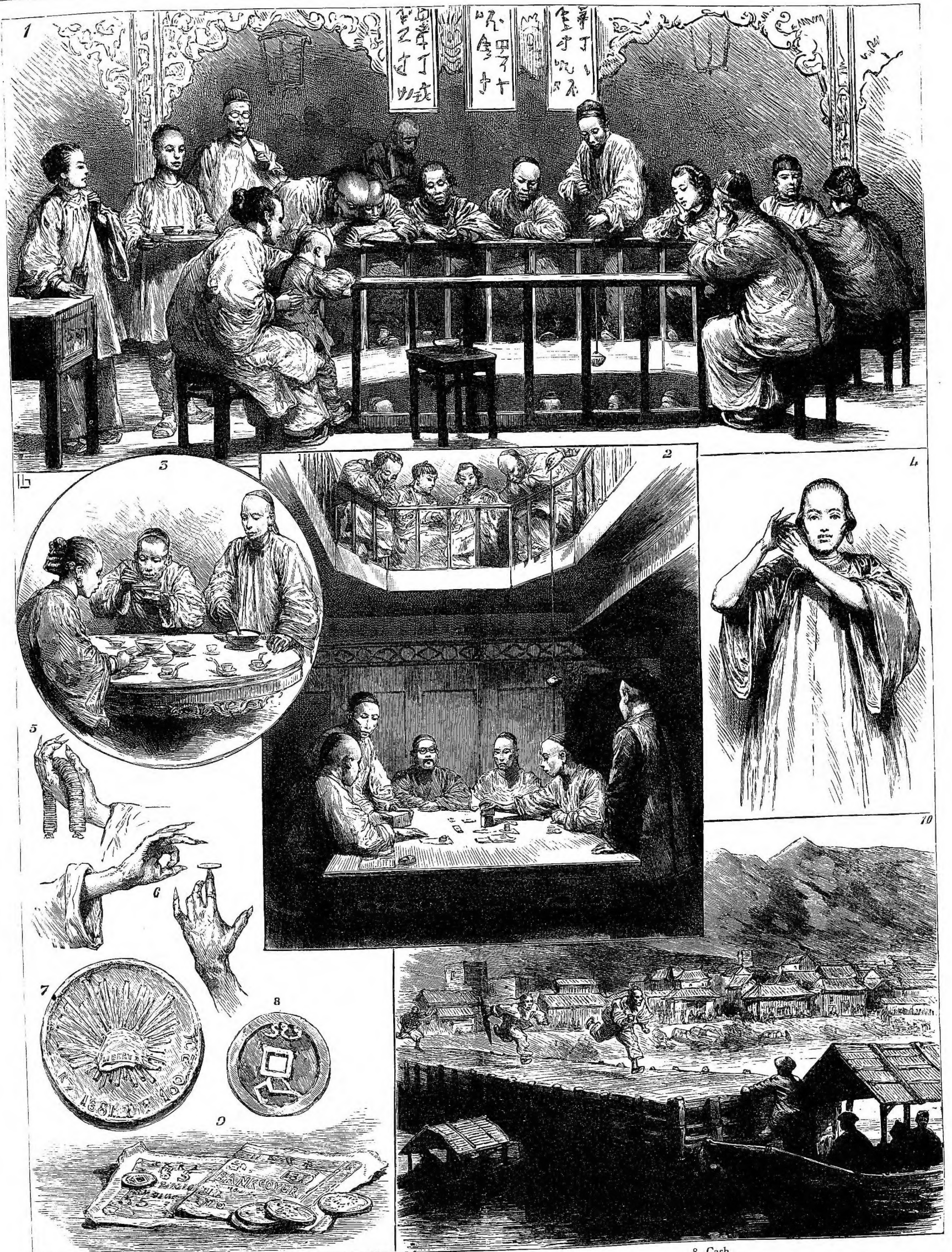
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.



1. In the Gallery : Women watching the Play below
2. The Players
3. A Free Lunch is provided
4. Staking her Ear-rings

5. Cash in hand
6. "Balance Creditor:" Testing the Ring of a Mexican Dollar
7. "Balance carried down"

8. Cash
9. A good Beginning
10. Gamblers hurrying to catch the Boat for Hong Kong

SKETCHES IN A CHINESE GAMBLING-HOUSE, NEAR HONG KONG

Topics of the Week

A SCOTCH SESSION.—For a good many years the Scotch have complained rather bitterly of the neglect of their national business in Parliament. Session after Session has been devoted to the consideration of Irish grievances, and last year the House of Commons occupied itself with the Local Government Bill for England, while the affairs of the Northern Kingdom received, as usual, hardly any real attention. Apparently some compensation is now about to be made to Scotland for this unsatisfactory treatment. An elaborate series of Bills relating to Scotch Local Government has already been discussed, and, if we may judge from Mr. W. H. Smith's statement on the subject on Monday, the Government are resolved that in some form or other these measures shall become law. A Bill dealing with the Scotch Universities is also to be taken up in earnest, and passed. The Session, therefore, will probably be remembered chiefly as a Scotch Session, for, when the time for Prorogation comes, it will be felt that, with the exception of the Naval Defence Bill, the schemes for the benefit of Scotland have been the most important proposals submitted to Parliament. The Government have undoubtedly acted wisely in giving so much prominence to Scotch demands. It was never very likely that the discontent of Scotchmen would become serious, but in these days it is as well to prevent in good time the growth of feelings that may tend to give rise to troublesome national movements. The Lord Advocate should have no great difficulty in steering his Local Government Bills through Committee. Many objections have been made to them in detail, but their essential principles have received the approval of politicians of all parties. The Universities Bill may not, perhaps, be so easily disposed of. It involves the irritating question of theological tests, and that is sure to give occasion to a good deal of sharp debate.

THE END OF MR. GLADSTONE'S TOUR.—Last week we accused Mr. Gladstone of "singing flat," but, as we have a scrupulous desire to be fair, we must admit that his oratory improved towards the close of his journey. His speech on the Friday of last week at Plymouth, in which he argued that the granting of local autonomy had never caused separation, was a masterly performance, and was, moreover, very difficult to controvert. The obvious reply to it is, that Mr. Gladstone should forthwith produce a scheme of Home Rule which will be acceptable to both his British and Irish adherents, and then let the Conservatives and their Liberal allies decide whether this scheme is applicable to the special circumstances of the sister-island. But, as we have often had occasion to say before, the cause of Home Rule has been retarded far more by the violence and lawlessness of the Irish Nationalists than by Conservative opposition. Turning to Mr. Gladstone's tour in its practical aspect as a political campaign, it may fairly be pronounced moderately successful. We cannot accept Lord Granville's optimistic remark, "Never did the wand of the magician wave with more effect." Compared with the Mid-Lothian speeches, the Wessex series seem tame and flat. Mr. Gladstone is ten years older than he then was, the issues before the public are different, and familiarity has diminished the respect once felt for these oratorical progresses. Nevertheless, when all that is disparaging has been said, there remains a substantial residuum of success. Personal contact makes a great impression. Reading a man's speeches is not like hearing him deliver them, and then Mr. Gladstone is in many ways such a remarkable man that, quite apart from his speeches, he is well worth seeing. Rural folks do not say much, but they reflect more than volatile dwellers in towns, and therefore we cannot doubt that Mr. Gladstone's Western excursion has exercised a considerable influence, though we will not venture to prophesy that that influence will manifest itself at the polls when the next General Election takes place.

THE SUGAR CONVENTION FIASCO.—Lord Salisbury had nothing for it, we assume, but to sacrifice the Sugar Convention Bill to the exigencies of party unity. When it became apparent that the bulk of the Liberal Unionists, together with not a few Conservative members, set their faces against the measure, the Premier had only to choose between almost certain defeat and "a strategic movement to the rear." The abandonment of the Bill may therefore be considered as a part of the price the country has to pay for refusing to make Mr. Parnell dictator of Ireland. In comparison with that evil, the bounty-fed system is of course a mere fleabite. None the less it is a matter for regret that the first bold effort to free the sugar trade from the clutch of the Continental monopolist has been baffled mainly by the hostility of English Free Traders. Lord Hartington and his followers could not, apparently, get away from the fixed idea that Lord Salisbury was craftily attempting to introduce the thin end of the Protection wedge. They argued that it was in strict accordance with Cobdenite principles to buy sugar in the cheapest market, and, since the bounty system cheapened the foreign supply for a time, it would be heretical they conceived to look such a gracious gift-horse

in the mouth. This squeamishness seems a little out of place just at present, when sugar has gone up to about its old price, and seems likely to rise still higher. It will certainly do so, should the Continental beet-crop again fail; tainly do so, should the Continental beet-crop again fail; England has made herself mainly dependent on that source of supply. Whereas, were the trade set really free, there are many parts of the world which would take eagerly to the production of cane-sugar, and a natural level of prices would be established and maintained, instead of the market being liable to be revolutionised by the failure of some particular crop.

FATHER DAMIEN.—At the meeting in Marlborough House on Monday the Prince of Wales delivered an excellent speech in support of the proposal that the English people should give emphatic and practical expression to their admiration for the heroic career of the late Father Damien. With the exception of General Gordon, no man of our time has produced a deeper impression on the popular imagination than Father Damien; and it will be strange if a large number of persons do not gladly take advantage of the present opportunity to do honour to his memory. The scheme submitted by the Prince of Wales has met with universal approval. It goes without saying that a monument should be erected at Molokai on the spot where the remains of the gentle and self-sacrificing priest are buried; and no one can doubt that if, as the Prince asserted, there are always some lepers in London, a special ward should be established for their benefit. It is equally obvious that much good may spring from the endowment of a travelling studentship, or studentships, for the study of leprosy, and from a careful investigation of the disease in India, one of its chief seats. A speedy solution of the problems connected with this mysterious and dreadful malady is not to be expected; but science has done so many wonderful things that it may ultimately even master leprosy, and, in the mean time, the first step to be taken is undoubtedly to find out all the facts that are within our reach. A more appropriate way of bearing witness to the reverence excited by Father Damien's spiritual greatness could not have been suggested. If he had been able to foresee the movement, he would have regarded it as the best possible reward for his labours.

STATE SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.—In the limited space at our command, we can only glance at the outlines of a scheme whose details occupy more than four columns of the *Times*. The plan, which is intended to secure for the wage-earning classes of the Empire a fair maintenance in the event of sickness and of disabling accident, and a pension in old age, has already been in operation for some years on a small scale. By the new law it assumes gigantic proportions. The benefits above referred to are to be granted in return for compulsory weekly payments, varying in amount according to the wages earned by the contributors, aided by a State subsidy. It is this latter feature which gives the scheme a Socialistic character, and which, from an English point of view, renders its ultimate success problematical. As in all benefit societies, the expenses will become greater as the original mass of contributors gravitates towards age and infirmity; the administration of the fund will require a large body of paid functionaries; and the State will have much more difficulty in discriminating between genuine and assumed illness than is the case with small voluntary societies, where the Relieving Committee are personally acquainted with all the members. Germany is a poor country, as we may judge from the average rate of wages earned by the participants in the scheme. These vary from 17*l.* 10*s.* in the lowest class, to 48*l.* in the highest. Thus the most prosperous of wage-earners is not reckoned to receive more than a pound a week. Germany is also, owing to her vast military armaments, a heavily-taxed country; and there can be little doubt as years go on that the State subsidy for insurance purposes will be found a serious additional burden. Philanthropists everywhere will watch the practical working of the scheme with extreme interest, but its ultimate success seems very dubious.

THE AUXILIARY FORCES.—Not often since the present Session began has the House of Commons spent its time more profitably than when discussing the Votes for the Auxiliary Forces. Some nonsense was talked, of course; never mind what question is "up" certain members seem to consider that they owe it as a duty to their constituents to show with how little wisdom the world is governed. But most of the criticisms were pertinent, and a very humiliating picture it is which they outline for unfortunate John Bull. Whether the Militia, the Yeomanry, or the Volunteers be under consideration, the old homely adage about spoiling a ship for a ha'porth of tar applies. On each of these forces the country annually spends a heavy sum, but each remains grossly inefficient because the War Office cannot screw up courage to spend a trifle more. Not only is the Militia short of its proper numerical strength by about one-third, but those in the ranks are only half-trained. It is the same with the Yeomanry; and in both cases the reason is that any extension of the annual training period would involve extra expense. The Volunteers, on the other hand, keep up their training with praiseworthy diligence, although it costs many considerable sacrifices. But, in

spite of their zeal, they would be practically useless in any emergency, for want of field equipment. And why is not that essential furnished by the State? Because it would involve increased expense. It is in musketry instruction that all three bodies are mainly deficient as soldiers. The Volunteers have improved somewhat in this respect since the new conditions governing the capitation grant were imposed. But their shooting is still far below the mark, while the Militia and Yeomanry are, as a rule, as erratic shots as Mr. Winkle. Nor can it ever be otherwise until the period of annual training is so lengthened as to admit of musketry instruction being imparted in a methodical and painstaking manner.

REFUGEES IN SWITZERLAND.—Some English Liberals have raised an outcry against Germany, Austria, and Russia for having expostulated with Switzerland about the way in which she has hitherto interpreted her duties with regard to foreign residents. There would have been some reason for indignation if a serious attempt had been made to prevent the Republic from extending hospitality to political refugees. If Switzerland did not possess this right, she could hardly claim to be an independent country. Besides, it is for the interest of the world in general that there should be, as a French paper has quaintly put it, "a hospital for the wounded in political strife." England has always been glad to afford shelter to those who seek it on her shores, and she would have little sympathy with Powers which sought to deprive any other State of a right which she herself values. The question now in dispute, however, is, whether Switzerland is entitled to allow refugees to plot against the countries of whose laws they happen to disapprove. This involves issues very much more important than those relating to the mere right of asylum, and it seems most unreasonable to complain of the three Imperial Governments for having taken what are simply precautions for their own safety. Some years ago England was much excited, and a little alarmed, by a series of dynamite outrages. At that time none of us quite liked the idea that the people who committed the outrages were permitted to mature their schemes in America. Why should we expect that the authorities at Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg should, in analogous circumstances, display an equanimity which we ourselves did not display? Happily, Switzerland seems disposed to consider the subject in a fair and honourable spirit, and we may anticipate that she will give adequate guarantees against the abuse of the security enjoyed by strangers, not less than by natives, under her laws.

OUR NAVY.—Mr. Labouchere allowed the discussion of the Naval Estimates on Tuesday to take place without executing the terrible threats which he uttered on Monday, the result being that the debate in question was instructive without being obstructive. One of the points raised belongs to a matter of very ancient controversy, namely, whether the Government should execute the work of ship-construction themselves, or trust to the resources of private firms. Mr. Cobden, we remember, strongly advocated the latter plan, and even maintained that a war would be more economically and efficiently carried on if entrusted to a contractor. Just now the pendulum has a tendency to swing in the opposite direction, and the Government are asked why they don't make their own armour-plates. Lord George Hamilton replies that it would cost a great deal of money to lay down the necessary plant, and that after all the plates made would probably not be so good as those supplied by the private firms. In fact, the system now adopted seems both sensible and economical, namely, to do some of the work in Government yards, and to have some of it executed by private enterprise. We cannot see much force in Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's complaints of the rails made on defenceless seaports during the Naval Manœuvres last year. His argument appeared to be that such adventures were useless, as no hostile Power would make such an attack. We are unable to agree in this sanguine view. When national passions are aroused, chivalry is wont to be roughly thrust aside, and the capture of fishing-smacks—a favourite Channel amusement of the French during the old war—may in a future war be varied by the bombardment of coast-towns which were scarcely in existence eighty or ninety years ago. Lastly, let us hope that our Chief Constructor will be induced to go to sea with the Channel Fleet this autumn. He ought not to be like that famous First Lord, Sir Joseph Porter, whose motto was "Stick close to your desk, and never go to sea." On the contrary, if he finds himself on board a torpedo-boat on such a genial day as Whit Monday was, he would doubtless get some valuable hints for future efforts in naval architecture.

STANLEY AND EMIN.—Brief as is the news just to hand from Zanzibar, it has a distinctly favourable aspect in some respects. That Emin Pasha should have abandoned his Quixotic resolve to hold on to the Equatorial provinces is, by itself, a gain to humanity. Had he remained at Wadelai, his destruction by the Mahdists was only a question of time. Scarcely less gratifying is it to learn that Tippoo Tib is personally co-operating in the endeavour to open a way to the East Coast. Mr. Stanley has trusted this man all along, and, judging from present appearances, his confidence was not misplaced. All the same, it will be glad tidings indeed to

learn that Tippoo Tib's loyalty has endured to the end. It will be put to severe strain as the retreating party approaches the coast, and gets within touch of the armed Arab bands who are fighting the Germans. According to one account, Tippoo Tib should reach Zanzibar next month; according to another, not until November. This difference of estimate is probably due to the enigmatical tenour of the letters received from Ujiji, or rather, perhaps, to errors in the telegraphic summary. Balancing one probability against another, it seems quite within the bounds of possibility for Tippoo Tib to accomplish the journey before the end of July. And that calculation carries with it the assumption that Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha will not be far behind. The only object in employing the ex-slave King as an *avant courier* would be to clear the road of fighting tribes, and to obtain supplies for the main body. If, therefore, a wide gap intervened between the advance force and the fugitive garrison, the *raison d'être* of the former would be lost.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—It has been decided that the building for the National Portrait Gallery is to be erected on the space now vacant at the back of the National Gallery, facing St. Martin's Church and the new Charing Cross Road. We are not sure that it is a good plan to bring the two Galleries into a sort of competition with one another; for, instructive and interesting as the National Portrait Gallery is, it cannot claim to have anything like so strong a charm as the older and more cosmopolitan institution. The site, however, has the advantage of being central, and we must hope that the portraits of our great men will not be neglected because, from the artistic point of view, only a few of them can be ranked with the masterpieces of the National Gallery. It is strange that this collection of portraits has hitherto excited comparatively little popular interest. A more valuable collection of the kind does not exist in any country, and no one who has even a slight knowledge of our political, social, and intellectual history can fail to be impressed by at least some of its treasures. It makes the past live again, and conveys an extraordinarily vivid sense of the continuity of our national development. When the portraits are in their places in the new building, classes of boys and girls should often be taken to see them. A glance at the faces of the men who have made any period illustrious would do more for an intelligent young student than any amount of dry reading or lecturing. We trust the School Board will keep this in mind, and, when the proper time comes, give some good advice to their schoolmasters and schoolmistresses on the subject. Even now the Gallery might be used as a great educational institution by teachers who are within easy reach of it at the East End.

OUR FOOD, AND WHAT IT GOES THROUGH.—That is to say, what it goes through before it reaches our mouths. If we could see all the processes, some of the more sensitive among us would forswear all food except eggs, and vegetables which had been purified by boiling water. Fortunately, however, it is only on rare occasions that we do become cognisant of these unsavoury proceedings, and, as the old proverb holds good, "What the eye never sees the heart never grieves," most of us consume the allotted peck of dirt during our life-time without complaint. At intervals, however, unpleasant revelations are made. Some years ago, we remember—it was just before some of the new baking companies started—most repulsive descriptions were circulated concerning the kneading of dough by hand—half-naked men, streaming with perspiration, often with sores on their hands and arms, no proper ventilation, and whole battalions of black beetles galloping around. Ugh! Let us draw the curtain, and hope that nowadays our bread is prepared in more cleanly fashion. Then there was a butchers' scare,—it was reported that an objectionable practice existed of blowing into the joints of meat in order to make them look plump, and it was alleged that this office was often performed by persons with foul breath or diseased lungs. And now H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has kindly provided us with another scare relating to the same blue-frocked fraternity. The Meat Market has been ablaze with excitement. "Who is the leper?" every one has been asking; and the mere question has dulled the edge of appetite when contemplating some smoking joint. But let us take heart, most of our food is subjected to fire, and fire is a wonderful purifier.

THE COMMISSIONAIRES.—No doubt Sir Edward Walter felt last Sunday that he was fully rewarded for the thirty years of ceaseless toil which he has devoted to building up the Corps of Commissioners. He now has the satisfaction of feeling that the institution is too firmly rooted in England to wither when his fostering care is taken away. Whether it thrives in the colonies or not, there is ample room for its development in the United Kingdom. But, to enable it to rise to the level of its opportunities, the endowment fund must be considerably augmented. It is from this source that the pay of the staff comes, Sir Edward Walter being opposed to taxing the men for the expenses of control and management. Since, therefore, the wider the ramifications of the corps, the greater the cost of the staff, it is clear that the first thing is to strengthen the fund which provides for working expenses. So far, it has been mainly made up by subscriptions from the Army

and Navy, but the time has come for the civilian community to bear a share of the burden. There is no more deserving institution even in this land of bountiful benevolence. It now furnishes nearly 1,800 retired soldiers and sailors with the means of living in comfort and respectability, while at the same time bestowing a great boon on society at large. Sir Edward Walter himself has given thirty years of his life, free, gratis, and for nothing. Estimating the monetary value of his services at only 500*l.* per annum, he is practically a donor of 15,000*l.* to the Endowment Fund. It is a great gift from one man, not to speak of the years of anxiety before the corps got through the troubles of infancy. And there could be to him no more acceptable way of showing the public appreciation of his generosity than by enabling him to establish divisions of the corps at Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, and any other large towns where there are openings.

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER.

ONE SHILLING. READY MONDAY, JUNE 24.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS—

A SUBURBAN BUTTERFLY HUNT; THE CAPTURE OF AN HEIRESS WAITING FOR THE COACH; MARRIED FOR MONEY; THE HAUNTED CHAMBER; A VERY FAR-FETCHED TALE FROM THE WEST; HOW WE DISCOVERED A BEHIND A SCORCHER HAUNTED HOUSE.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued AN EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, IV."



FOR the ADVERTISEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY see page 699.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—T. night at Eight, MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. MATINEE—MACBETH. SATURDAY, June 22. Miss ELLEN TERRY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT, and LAST NIGHT of the SEASON, Saturday Evening, June 29. Box Office (Mr. J. HAST) open 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, JUNE 24. YEOMAN OF THE GUARD. Mr. DOYLEY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY.

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General H.R.H. the Prince Christian, K.G., K.T., K.P., &c.
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.
President—H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., K.T., K.P., &c., Commander-in-Chief.
Chairman of Committee—Major-General P. Smith, C.B., Commanding the Home District.

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EVENING COMPETITIONS each day at Seven; carriages at half-past Ten.

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Paris (St. Lazare) dep. 8.0 a.m. dep. 8.0 a.m. Victoria (West End) arr. 7.40 a.m. arr. 7.50 a.m.

Paris (St. Lazare) arr. 8.0 a.m. arr. 8.0 a.m. Victoria (West End) dep. 7.40 a.m. dep. 7.50 a.m.

Fares—Single, First 3*s.* 7*d.*, Second 2*s.* 7*d.*, Third 1*s.* 7*d.* Return, First 5*s.* 3*d.*, Second 4*s.* 3*d.*, Third 3*s.* 3*d.*

Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

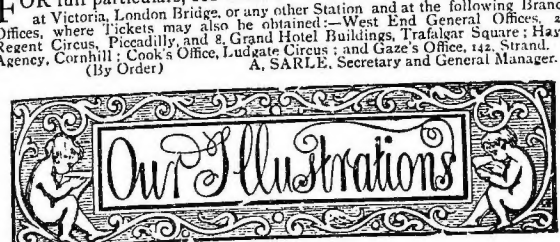
PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

Cheap 14 Day Excursions from Victoria and London Bridge by the above service every Saturday evening. Return Fares, 1st Class, 3*s.* 3*d.*, 2nd Class, 2*s.* 3*d.*, 3rd Class, 2*s.* 3*d.* Tickets at the same fares are also issued every Saturday from all other principal Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway by all Ordinary Trains to Newhaven in time to connect with the above service.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

FOR full particulars, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Office, 43, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

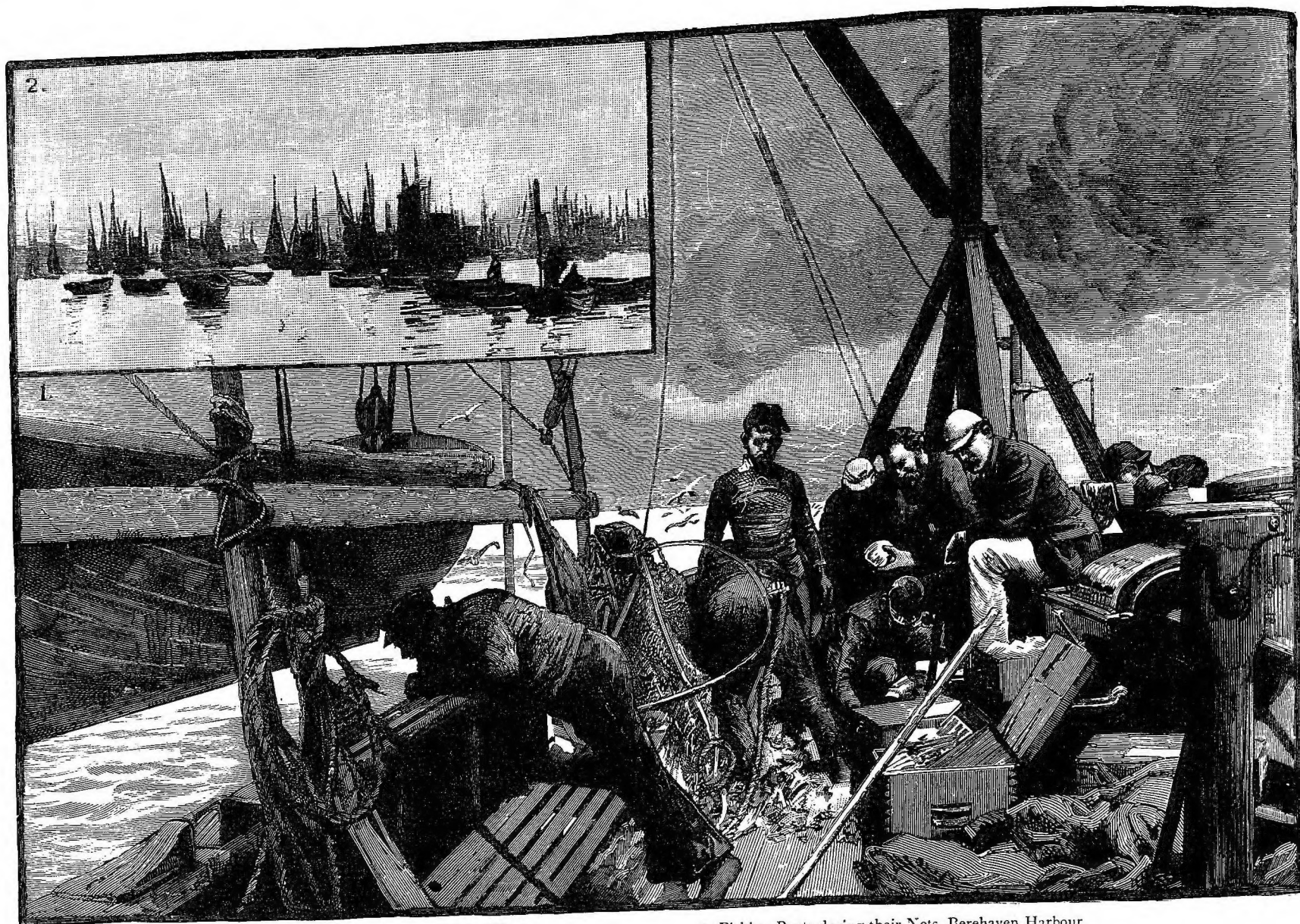
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



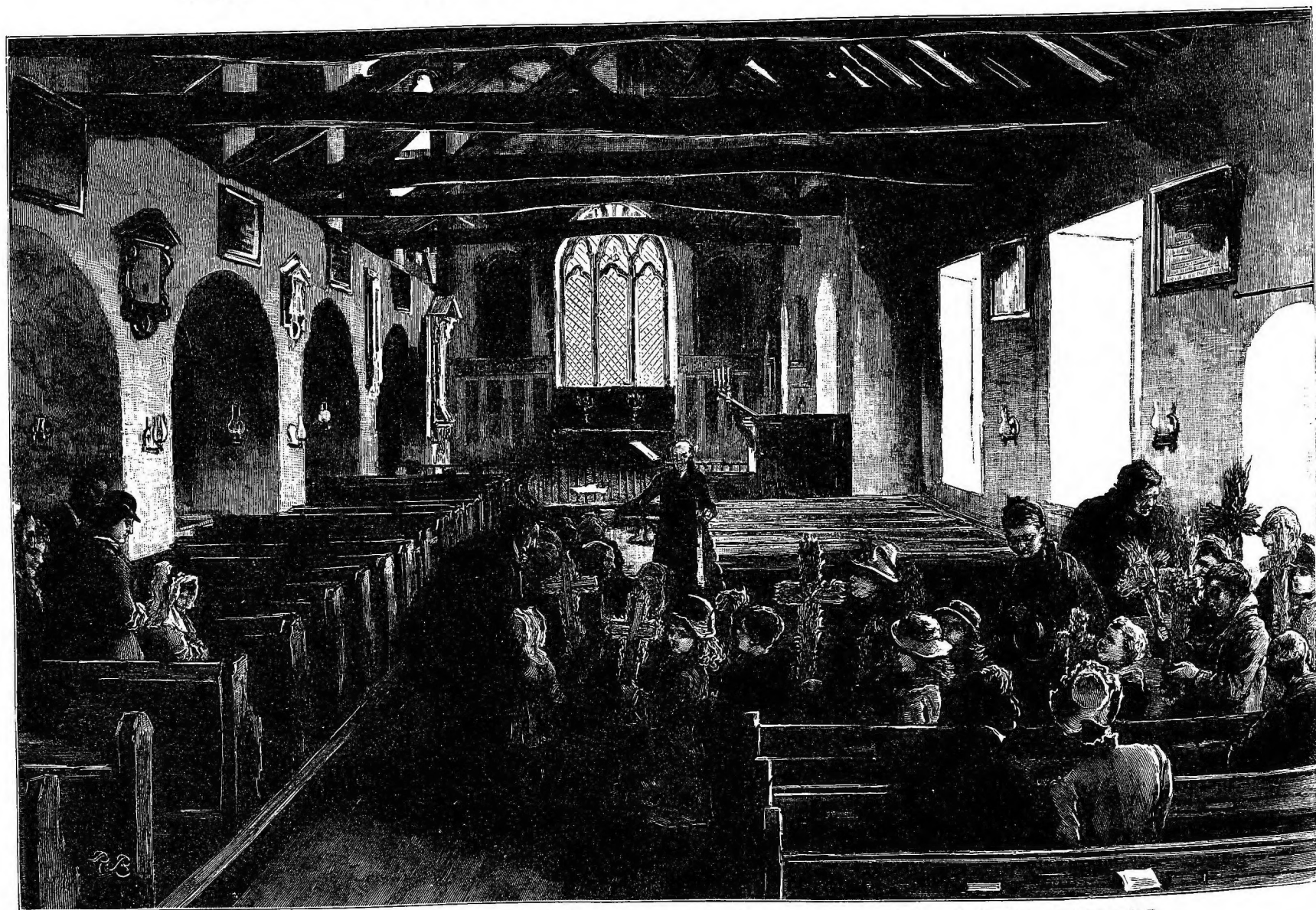
AT A CHINESE GAMBLING HOUSE

ALTHOUGH public gambling is forbidden by the law in China, gaming houses flourish in every city, and are thronged by woovers of fortune of all classes. To such a point do the Chinese carry their passion for the gaming-table, that it is by no means an unusual thing for an unlucky gambler, as a last resource, to stake his clothes, and finally to be turned out in the street in a suit of sack, of which the proprietors of the tables make him a present. The sketches in our illustrations were taken at Kowloon, a town situated on the mainland, about three miles from Hong Kong, and whither the Chinese denizens of our settlement resort to indulge in the pursuit of their favourite vice. Various methods of gaming are practised. In the one shown there is a small box; this is placed under a cover and turned round several times, and stakes are placed on four numbers on the table. Then the cover is taken off, and the number to which a white band marked on the box points wins three times the stake. The gallery above is mainly used by women, whose stakes are taken by an attendant and let down in a little basket, as shown in one of the illustrations.

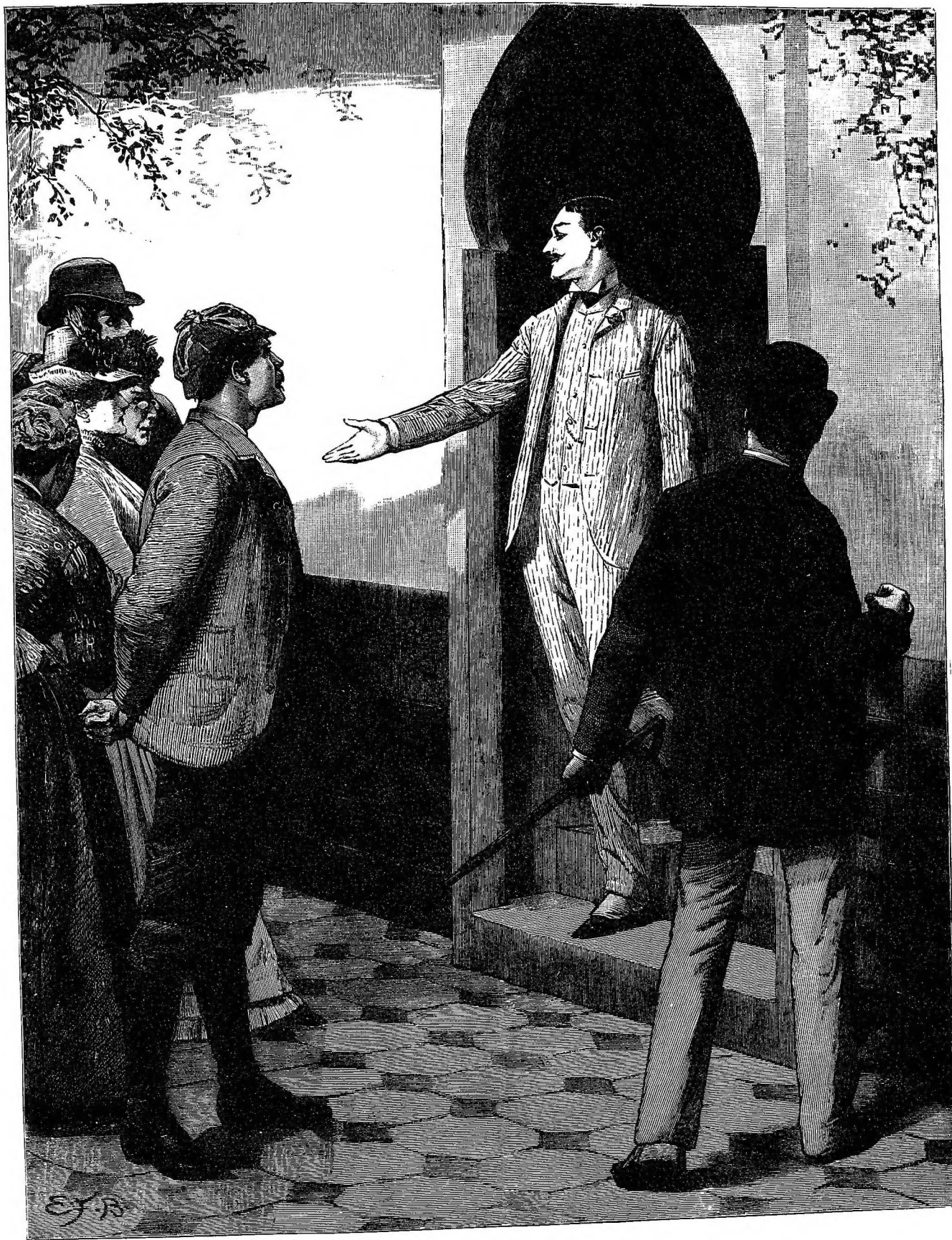
(For remainder of "Our Illustrations" see page 682)



1. Examining the Contents of the Trawl
2. Fishing-Boats drying their Nets, Berehaven Harbour
SCIENTIFIC DEEP-SEA DREDGING OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND



THE RUSH-BEARING FESTIVAL IN GRASMERE CHURCH, WESTMORELAND



DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

Harold moved slowly down the steps towards Iris.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &c.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CONDITIONS OF PEACE

"Well, but what does he mean, dear?" Mrs. Knyvett was the first to ask, with a gasp, breaking the ominous silence that fell for a moment over the whole hushed little group at the sound of Harold's strangely significant words.

"I . . . I don't know, mamma," Iris answered, undaunted still in heart, but taken aback somewhat by Harold's resolute attitude. "I think he must mean that . . . that he has some claim or other we haven't yet heard about to Sidi Aia."

"He means confounded impudence; that's just what he means," Uncle Tom burst out, with a burly bluster, walking up the step to confront his opponent, angrily. "The fellow's been juggling in your absence with Sir Arthur's letters and papers, I suppose, and thinks he's succeeded in muddling up a claim against you. But it won't do. I'm not the man to be put off with that sort of humbug. He's got the wrong person by the ear this time to deal with."

"Oh, Miss Knyvett, Miss Knyvett," old Sarah cried out, in dismay, rushing down the steps and flinging her arms round Iris's neck, passionately; "it isn't my fault, my dear. I couldn't help it. Mr. Knyvett, he came over here three days ago, or so, with a paper in his hand; and he said how he'd found a new will, and how the house and grounds was all his, and he was come to stay, and I must look upon him, henceforth, as a master, and that kind of

thing. And I said, had he any orders from you? And he said, no, he hadn't; he needed no orders; he came entirely on his own authority; and Sidi Aia was his own, not a bit of yours; but he'd be glad, when you returned, to welcome you back for a while, as his guest, to it. And what could I do, my dear, with him coming like that, and threatening to call in the gendarmes if I tried to resist him!"

As she spoke, Harold moved slowly down the steps towards Iris. He cast an angry glance at Uncle Tom as he passed—surely those Kabyle fellows, if they were anything of shots, might have managed to put a hole through that broad mark, his waistcoat, and rid him at once of a dangerous and experienced opponent! The least among the marksmen of Wimbledon could not have missed it. But, no matter for that; the day was his, *quand même*. He had fairly conquered all along the line. He could afford now to be gentlemanly and generous. And to a man of taste, like Harold Knyvett, the expansive and liberal gentlemanly policy is always, in the end, the pleasantest and most congenial one.

"Iris," he murmured, coming up to her close, with a sickly smile, and holding out an obtrusively cordial hand, which Iris, in her righteous wrath, did not deign so much as to notice, "there's no necessity for any scene just here. I desire this matter should at first be talked out in a friendly way, as between principals alone. An amicable arrangement on family grounds would, I'm sure, be easiest and most pleasing to all of us. Such an arrangement I can

readily submit to you if you'll allow me the pleasure of twenty minutes' conversation with you alone in my library. Perhaps you could spare me so much just now of your valuable time. So glad to see you looking so blooming too, in spite of your shock. It's best we should understand one another distinctly, you know, from the very beginning."

"I shall decidedly object to any proposal of the sort," Uncle Tom burst out, with a very red face, blocking the staircase with his capacious frame. "If Iris desires to hold any business communication of any sort with you, the regular thing will be for her to conduct her case—"

But Iris cut him short, before he could get any further, with an imperious nod of her self-willed little head. Though her physical courage had failed her completely before the cut-throat bands of the insurgent Kabyles, she had moral courage enough left still to face a hundred interviews with her cousin Harold. She knew what the man wanted as well as if he had told her, and she preferred to say *No* to that degrading proposal before the eyes of no living witness. If Harold must again insult her by the hateful offer of his hand—that lying, scheming, mean wretch of a Harold—at least she would take care he did not insult her before the face even of her own nearest and dearest relations.

"I'll go with him, Uncle Tom dear," she put in, boldly, soothing his arm with her tiny hand. "I'm not afraid to conduct my own case in person, in such a matter, thank you. Harold has nothing

o say to me, I know, that your presence could possibly in any way influence. I'll settle this question with him alone. You and he can talk over business arrangements together afterwards."

Harold accepted the last sentence at once as all but equivalent to a partial surrender, and smiled benignly, with his prospective triumph. In the hour of success he would not be hard upon the fallen foe. "Perhaps," he remarked, with his blandest West End politeness, "your mother and Mr. Whitmarsh will step into my drawing-room and take a chair while they wait for us for the present, Iris. And the lady in the bare feet, too—I haven't the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, it's true—but still, as she seems to be one of the party—I dare say, Sarah, you can make her comfortable in the kitchen somehow."

He didn't suspect, of course, that Meriem could understand him; but the fiery flush that mantled the Kabyle girl's sunburnt face, from forehead to neck, was hardly so intense as that which overspread Iris's sensitive cheek at this unintentional rudeness to her brave Algerian cousin. Even Uncle Tom, who had never been predisposed in favour of the Claimant, but whose personal dislike to that Paynim maiden had been naturally lessened by the story of her gallant attempt to cross the mountains for their safety's sake, till it now sank all at once to zero, being metamorphosed into a feeling of positive friendliness by the sudden appearance on the scene of this new impostor—even Uncle Tom himself turned round to the blushing Kabyle girl kindly, with a still deeper tint reddening his already red and indignant face, and laying his hand on her shoulder, said to her in his most gently paternal voice, "Come along, Meriem my child; you must be tired after your journey; we'll go and take a seat, till this business is finished, in Iris's drawing-room."

But Iris followed Harold blindly into the library, and there fell rather than seated herself in the big arm chair, while the new proprietor of Sidi Aia took a place at some distance on the divan opposite.

"Well?" she said coldly, as he wriggled into his seat, looking up in his face with a defiant expression.

"Well," Harold replied, keeping his eyes directly fixed on hers, lest she should have it to say that he didn't dare to look her in the face; "I suppose you can guess what this means, Iris. The story's a short one. Briefly, I was suffering from nervous irritation at the office in London—overwork, I suppose, entailing loss of memory—so I consulted Yate-Westbury, the well-known specialist in such cases, who advised me to try a trip to Algiers. And that, you see, accounts for my coming here."

"I see," Iris answered, gazing back at him stonily. He quavered before the steady stare of those beautiful blue eyes, but he kept on nevertheless upon his straight path with cynical fortitude.

"Well, after I got here, stopping next door as I did with Yate-Westbury, I naturally took an early opportunity of calling round, and looking over Uncle Arthur's place, by good old Sarah's kind permission."

"I see," Iris replied once more, with rigid emphasis. "In short, you took an early opportunity, after your kind, of prowling about my house while I was away by deluding my servant with the practically untrue excuse of cousinhood."

Harold winced. "Not *your* house, Iris," he answered, abruptly, and with some asperity. "That's exactly what I'm coming to. You anticipate too fast. But just at first, of course, I wasn't aware of that myself. However, as it happens, I didn't come uninvited. I called at Aunt Amelia's special request to bring her bronchitis kettle, which I'd carried all the way from London; and Sarah, learning I was Sir Arthur's nephew, naturally asked me in to view the villa—a piece of hospitality which you, apparently, would not have extended to your own relations."

Iris bowed courteously. "You interpret my sentiments with absolute correctness," she replied, in the same cold and freezing tone as ever.

"We shall see about that soon," Harold went on, with a faint attempt at something like gallantry. "Iris, let's be reasonable. I don't want to be hard upon you. I don't want to quarrel. I want to be friends. We were children together, you know, and always friendly. Let's be friendly still; don't let a matter of money come between us like a shadow. I'm prepared to make a liberal arrangement, a most liberal arrangement, if you'll only listen to reason. But wait awhile for that; facts first; this is what happened. I brought Yate-Westbury to the house quite casually one afternoon, and as he was trying a lot of keys on a concealed drawer in Sir Arthur's davenport, suddenly, to his surprise, one of them fitted it. Well, he opened the drawer, of course, and turned over the papers; and among them, to my immense astonishment, as well as his own,"—Iris bit her lip to stifle a sarcastic smile—"came across a will of Sir Arthur's, later in date than the one you found in London, leaving everything absolutely to me, and naming me also as sole executor. So that Sidi Aia and all the English property's really mine. And I grieve to say you're not benefited a single penny by the final disposition."

"Is that all?" Iris asked, with an impatient movement, gazing at him frigidly.

"No, that's not all," Harold answered, rising from the divan, and drawing a chair very tentatively a foot or two nearer to his pretty cousin. "Iris," and he leant across towards her with a persuasive air and a killing smile, "I know you don't want to be friends—that's, unfortunately, obvious; but I can't bear to think this money should sever us—this wretched money—a mere matter of a few acres of land and a few pounds at the banker's—we who were always such good friends before—and I, who have always loved you as a cousin, and have lately learned how much more profoundly and intimately I loved you as a friend and an admirer, not to say as a lover. I couldn't bear, Iris, to deprive you of your wealth, or, rather, of the wealth you once erroneously supposed to be yours; and I'm longing to make a proposition to you now which will leave it yours just as fully as ever. I don't want you to give me an answer at once—in your present frame of mind, I'm afraid I know what that answer would be—I want delay, I want respite; I want you to turn the matter over and consider it. . . . Iris, I asked you to marry me once. You were then, you thought, rich, and I was a beggar. To-day, you see, the tables are, unhappily, turned. It is I who am rich, and you who have practically next to nothing. I regret the change, but I won't let you lose by it. For your sake, for your dear sake, I'm willing that things should remain almost the same as ever. If, after due consideration, you can find it in your heart to change your mind, and consent to marry me, I'll make a settlement of half the property upon you, so that you will still be rich, and, as my wife, will practically possess it all absolutely. . . . Now, don't answer at once, Iris; take time to think. Remember, I adore you, I worship you, I love you; and what I care about in this is not the money—the paltry, miserable, wretched money—I'd fling that in the sea if I could gain your approbation by so doing—but you, my beloved, my queen, my darling, I love you, Iris, and I *must*, I *will*, I *shall* make you marry me!"

His hands were trembling now, but with natural emotion, and he meant it as he spoke—he meant every word of it. The presence of that pure and beautiful girl had raised him for a moment, rogue and forger as he was, out of his own vile self; and he felt he could really fling the money into the Mediterranean—that stolen money—if only he could win Iris's love by so flinging it. Her sweet face kept down for awhile the mad impulses that struggled for mastery within him. He was quivering with excitement, but it was the honestest excitement he had known for months—the sanest, the purest, the least selfish and self-centred. He longed for Iris to enjoy his wealth; he longed to share his wealth with Iris. That idea for the second

kept him tolerably sane. He was almost as rational and collected as ever.

But Iris rose as he finished his speech—that vile speech of his—the wretch, who judged her so much by his own base standard that he thought he could buy Iris Knyvett for money—and standing before him sublime, in her full height (how imposing a good woman looks in her five feet six of righteous indignation!) she answered him passionately, with a wild outburst of speech, "Never! NEVER! NEVER! NEVER! . . . Harold, I need no time to consider. I don't want to pollute myself by hearing what you say. I loathe and detest you for your horrid deception that day at Kensington. I loathe and detest you for your horrid attempt to buy me to-day. I don't know whether you've forged this will or not; I don't know whether Uncle Tom can fight you over it or not; I don't know whether you can flinch away my property or not; but, rich or poor, forger or liar, success or failure, I'll never marry you—never, never, never, never. For money, I care a great deal less than nothing. You may do your worst, but you won't alter me. And lest you should still continue to hope, and scheme, and plan, and annoy me with your horrible attentions and your base proposals, I'll tell you the truth at one fell blow: I've already accepted a better man than you—ten thousand times better; and if we starve together, through your machinations, him I'll marry, and no other." And she moved towards the door with that resolute air which, as Harold Knyvett instinctively perceived, implied that the question between them was closed for ever.

Harold followed her through the stately Saracenic archway, twirling the reinstated button with a nervous twitching in his trembling fingers. "Very good," he said, coldly, the devil within him re-asserting its hateful sway once more. "It's open war, then, to the knife, Miss Knyvett. You leave yourself no door for escape or mercy. This will shall be proved—and you'll be beggared—beggared!"

Iris didn't see him as she swept from the room with her back turned to him. If she had, she would have observed that his face as he spoke, for all his calmness, was distorted with rage, and hideous to gaze upon. It looked like the face of a devil, or a maniac.

CHAPTER L.

OPEN WAR

IN the drawing-room opposite, Uncle Tom was seated on an oriental ottoman in the pretty arched recess between the two deep windows, while Meriem by his side, with eyes cast round in wonder upon that beautiful room, was conversing with the red-faced old gentleman eagerly and unreservedly as to what the bad man could possibly want with dear Iris. This *dénouement* was worse, indeed, than her worst anticipations. It was clear the bad man had asserted his claim to ruin Iris. In the centre of the room, Mrs. Knyvett occupied her active mind in turning over the ornaments on the occupied tables, unconscious of the crisis, to see if they'd been properly dusted in her daughter's absence; while on one side Eustace and Vernon were conversing in an undertone, exchanging ideas on this sudden alteration in the aspect of their joint matrimonial prospects. To whom, thus engaged, enter Iris with a sweep, her face showing all the air of a tragedy queen; closely followed by Harold in the rear, composing his features with great difficulty into a sufficiently calm and quiet frame to suit his expected interview with that old fool Whitmarsh.

As they entered, Uncle Tom rose abruptly, and motioned Iris to a seat by the window with old-fashioned courtesy. The discomfited heiress sat down with emphasis by Meriem's side, holding her cousin's hand tight in her own. Meriem guessed from her hot flushed face and her downcast eyes what the bad man had been saying to discompose her. But Harold drew up a chair as if nothing out of the usual had lately happened, and addressed his discourse at once with ostentatious frankness to the ruffled old barrister.

"Mr. Whitmarsh," he said, fumbling with one hand in his breast pocket for a well-known paper, "a worldly-wise person, with the fear of litigation before his eyes, would not, perhaps, take the bold step I am about to take. He would leave you to find out at your leisure for your own side the line of action he proposed to adopt, and allow you to govern yourself as best you might accordingly. But this present business lies, fortunately, all within the family. We're all relations, and all, I trust, friends."

"No," Uncle Tom thundered out sullenly, and then was silent. "All relations or connections, at least," Harold went on, less glibly, fumbling still with his right hand in a nervous way in that left breast-pocket; "and you're all now staying as guests in my house, so that I'm naturally anxious, as a mere matter of hospitality, to do the straightforward and honourable thing by every one of you."

"The determination does you the highest credit," Uncle Tom interposed, eyeing him close and long through his forensic eyeglass.

"And I think it right, therefore, to explain to you here at full length what I've just been explaining in hasty outline in the library to Iris."

He drew the paper—that precious paper—with a flourish from his left breast-pocket, and deposited it, with much show of internal reluctance, on the little Moorish occasional table. Then, in slow and deliberate words, he repeated once more at greater length the official story, so to speak, of its accidental discovery by Dr. Yate-Westbury in the secret drawer of Sir Arthur's davenport. Uncle Tom listened with a settled expression of profound scepticism on his acute round face. "Ah, well, my fine fellow," he thought to himself, with an internal smile of malicious triumph at Harold's approaching discomfiture, "you've done for yourself this time, anyhow, you may be certain. The thing's a forgery, as sure as a gun; and if it's a forgery, I'm cocksure to be able to detect it." But Harold, never heeding that cynical smile, went on with his story to the bitter end, and then proceeded further to relate the generous offer he had just made in the library to Iris, "which my cousin," he said, coldly, "has been ill-advised enough, I regret to say, to decline with unnecessary warmth of sentiment and language. Under these painful circumstances, unpleasant as such a course must be to me, nothing remains for me but to prove the new will; and lest you should ever say I'd taken you by surprise, and not given you all due warning, I've brought the document with me here to-day, that you may judge for yourself of its authenticity and validity. This is it," and he took it up from the table affectionately, with a warm smile of parental partiality—his bantling, his favourite, his own pet handiwork. "If you'll take the trouble to cast your eye down that," he said, with an air of profound conviction, "I think you'll agree with me that Iris would have done far better for herself if she'd accepted my equitable, and even generous, offer."

Uncle Tom took up the paper from the table with the same sceptical and supercilious smile as ever. This tyro to suppose he could forge a will that would baffle the acutest and most experienced hand in the whole Probate and Divorce Division! The thing was monstrous, absurd, incredible. But as he read and read, both Eustace Le Marchant and Harold Knyvett, who were standing by and watching his features closely, perceived a change come slowly over his purple face. He was no longer amused; he was by rapid stages, first puzzled, then surprised and annoyed, then vexed and baffled, then finally angry, and very indignant. That he should show his anger, Harold knew by a keen intuition for a certain sign of the success of his strategy. If the will were bad, if the signature were doubtful, if a flaw had been suspected in the law of the case, or the wording of the documents, if a loophole had been

left for escape anywhere, that old fool Whitmarsh, with his professional skill and his legal acumen, would of course have spotted it; and if he had spotted it, he would have pounced down then and there, with the savage joy of battle in his keen old eyes, upon the expectant culprit. But his silence and his wrath, his internal fuming, were auguries of good for Harold's success; the greatest authority on the subject of wills in all England had no weapon left but impotent rage with which to meet and face that magnificent device of his.

Harold twisted the top button off its thread once more in his transport of delight, and then played, for a change, with the empty button-hole.

"You scoundrel!" Uncle Tom cried, finding words at last, and rising up in his wrath, with an eager desire to strangle the fellow then and there, as he sat smiling and fidgeting inanely before him. "Don't try to come any of your nonsense over me! You forged this will yourself, and you know you forged it."

Harold's thin lips curled gracefully up, and he lowered his head with polite sarcasm.

"That will be for a Court of justice in England to determine," he answered, coldly.

"Did he forge it, Uncle Tom?" Iris asked from her corner, with perfect calmness, turning round to her uncle. "Are you sure it's a forgery? Can you be quite certain about it?"

"Quite certain," Uncle Tom answered, gasping hard for breath. But he wrote with a pencil on the back of an envelope, which he handed across to her for greater security, "A forgery, beyond the shadow of a doubt, my dear, but the cleverest scoundrel I ever knew for all that. There's absolutely nothing tangible to go upon. It's as clever as sin. He'll prove his will, and we can never disprove it."

At that outward and visible sign of the old man's defeat Harold sat and chuckled inwardly to himself.

"It's not too late even now, Mr. Whitmarsh," he observed, in a low and gracious tone. "I'm open still to negotiations. If you'd like to use your influence with Iris on the subject—"

But before he could finish that sentence in his cowardly throat Vernon Blake had risen from his place in the corner, and come forward all aglow with fierce, youthful indignation.

"You may do as you like about the will," the painter said, half choking, and planting himself full in front of the astonished Harold, "but if you dare to utter another word to insult Miss Knyvett by your disgraceful offers—"

The rest was unspoken, but a significant glance at the painter's fist efficiently replaced the remainder of that suppressed sentence.

"That'll do, Blake," Uncle Tom responded, taken aback at this well-meant though unexpected interposition. "The fellow's proposals will not be entertained. But we don't need your help in solving the question, thank you. To forge a will first, indeed, and then think he can force a girl like Iris to marry him off hand on the strength of the forgery! I'm ashamed of the fool for his ignorance of character!"

As he spoke, Harold Knyvett folded up the forged document with trembling fingers, and replaced it carefully in his breast-pocket. "Very well, Mr. Whitmarsh," he said, with freezing frigidity, "you reject my olive-branch; you'll be sorry for it hereafter. This is war now, open war, with all of you; and not by my fault. I shall prove the will, and resume my property. Meanwhile, under the present unpleasant circumstances, it must be obvious at once to the meanest understanding that you can none of you accept my hospitality any longer. I'll ring for the carriage to take your luggage round at once to the Royal."

Before he could reach the electric bell at the side, however, Eustace Le Marchant, who had for some time been whispering apart very seriously in a corner with Meriem, gave a meaning glance and a look of query towards his Kabyle fiancée. The beautiful Algerian answered with a quiet nod of assent. Then Eustace stepped out into the middle of the room. "Stop," he cried, in a very stern and determined voice. "Don't dare to touch this lady's bell," and he waved his hand vaguely sideways towards Meriem. "The mistress of Sidi Aia empowers me to forbid you. I, too, have some important documents here—of earlier date, but of greater genuineness—that may serve to put a somewhat different complexion upon this person's action. It was not our intention at first to produce them at all, as against Miss Knyvett's original claim. We were willing that she should inherit unopposed, in a friendly fashion; but if you think this person, sir," and he turned to address himself to Uncle Tom for a moment, "is likely to succeed in his attempted fraud, it may be worth while, at all hazards, to checkmate him immediately by any means in our power. These are the papers. I'll read them over to you all first; you can then examine them finally at your leisure, and judge for yourself of their authenticity."

Harold's face was livid with excitement now. He clutched the buttonhole hard with all his might. He had neglected one chance, and that chance had defeated him! He saw the whole truth in the twinkling of an eye. The barefooted native girl was Clarence Knyvett's daughter and heiress.

But not legitimate! Oh, no, not legitimate! By the law of England, certainly not legitimate! It was all to no avail! If she would profit them nothing! In the eye of the law, she was nobody's daughter. Thank heaven for that charming obliquity of the law! Blackstone for ever! Long live injustice!

(To be concluded in our next)



II.

THE frontispiece of the *English Illustrated* is a fine engraving by Mr. W. Biscombe Gardner from Mrs. Alma Tadema's painting "Well Employed." There is an exceedingly pleasant illustrated paper by Mr. John E. Locking, "The Story of the Savoy," which contains much historical lore anent a London oasis, little heeded by most requesters of the Strand.

Yet another addition to the monthlies comes to us in *East and West*, published by Messrs. Ward and Downey at sixpence. Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid and Miss Jeanne Mairat both begin serial stories, the one entitled "Cosette," the other "Ill-Matched."—There is a short story by Bret Harte, "A Knight Errant of the Foot Hills."—Among the other contributors this month are Thomas Stanley, Professor Church, Mrs. Piatt, Sarah Tytler, and Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I., who begins a series on "Some Dutch Painters." From the promise of the programme, and from the contents of its first number, we should imagine that *East and West* would soon have a firm hold on popular favour.

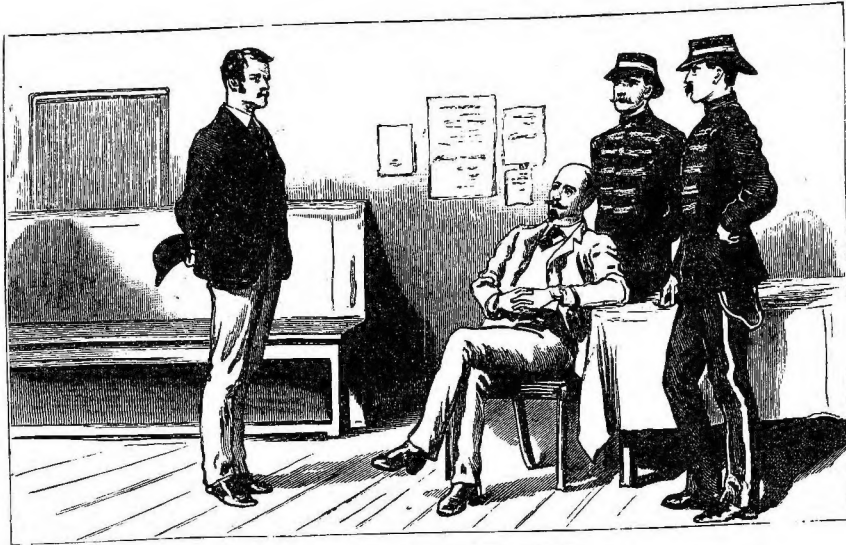
The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching from Rembrandt's painting "A Family Portrait," which is to be found in the Brunswick Gallery.—Mr. George Frederic Watts, R.A., opens in the periodical with "More Thoughts on Our Art of To-day," in which he emphasises the necessity of conscientiousness in art work, criticises with some severity the capacity in drawing of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and draws attention to the similarity between the Greek and Egyptian Schools, between Titian and Phidias. These words, addressed to students by a student, deserve to be attentively considered by those whom they most intimately concern.

There is fine engraving in *Art and Literature* from a portrait of

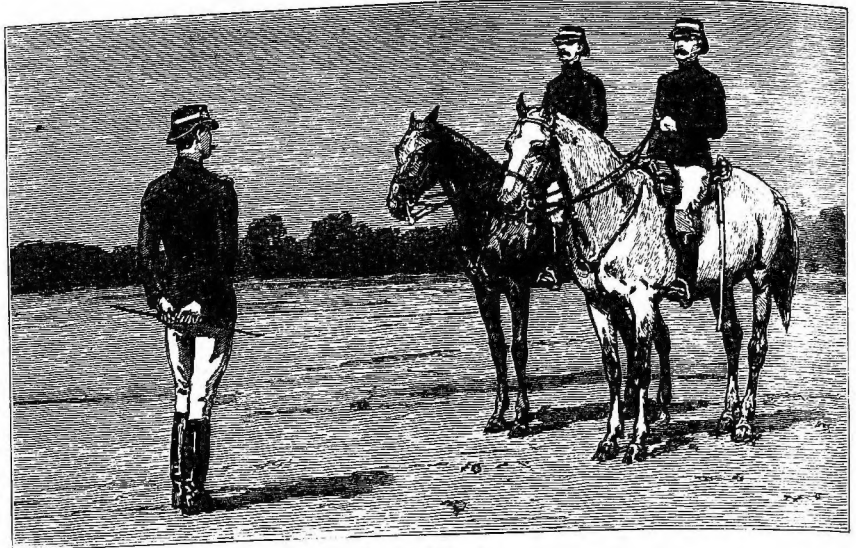
And when, arrived at Hagios Loukos, we alight to wait while the horses are changed, we are immediately surrounded by numbers of very small brown children with great dark eyes, who vehemently insist upon our purchasing their little bunches of daisies and anemones, and pursue us, recommending their wares in a voluble gabble, in which, whether through our own linguistic deficiencies or theirs—the eldest of them is not more than three—the only words we can distinguish are an often-repeated *kali, kali*, or “pretty, pretty.” But the returning tram-car cuts short our negotiations, and presently rolls us smoothly back to the Palace door, whither a detachment of blue-coated soldiers are marching with bugle and file to relieve guard, and where, hard by, the steam-tram already mentioned is puffing in preparation for its run through olive groves and vineyards to Port Phaleron, now a fashionable bathing-place.

O. B.

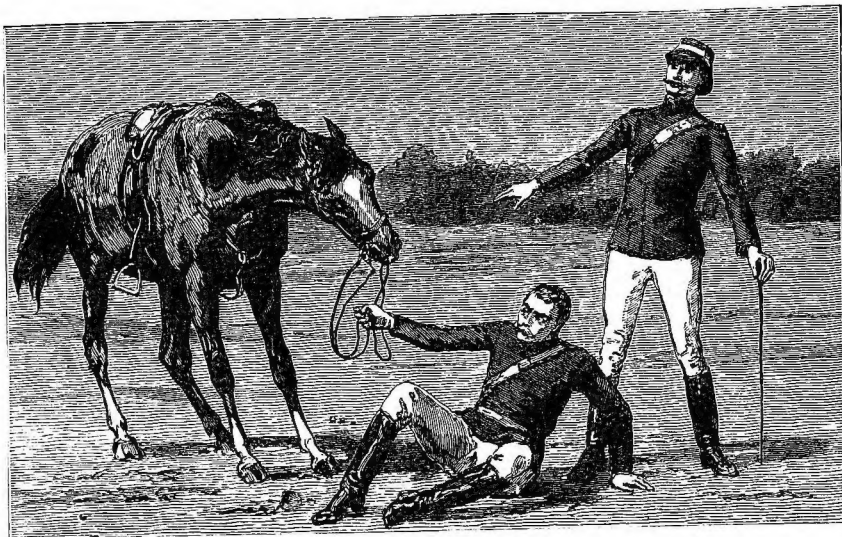
U. B.



A CANDIDATE FOR THE FORCE



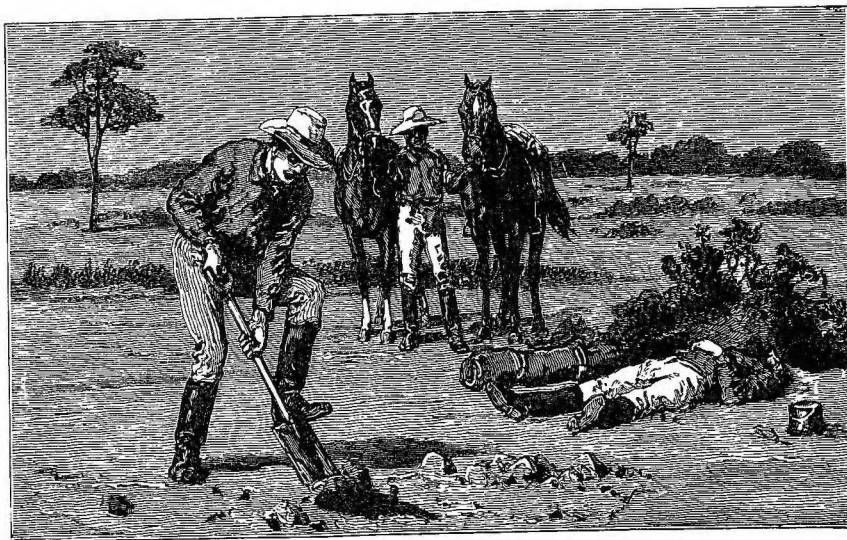
UNIFORM DRILL



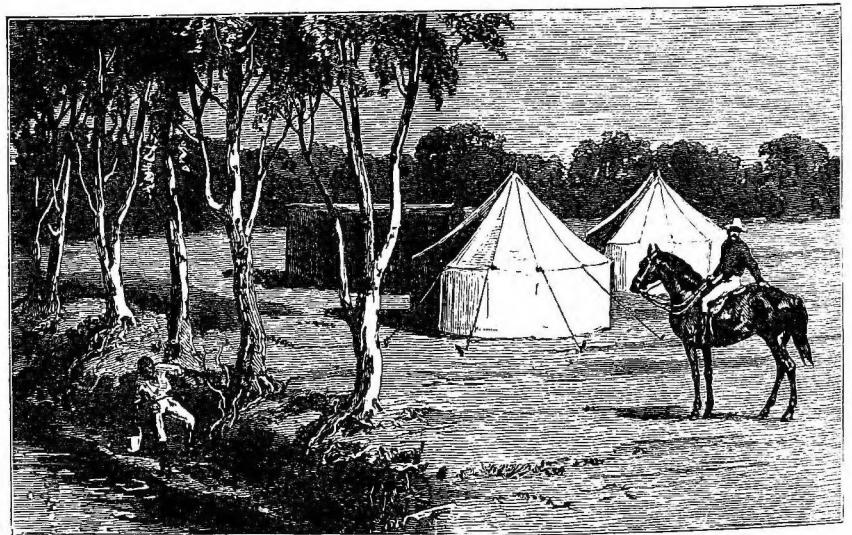
THE TRICK HORSE—"WHO TOLD YOU TO GET OFF, SIR?"



ON PATROL (NIGHT)



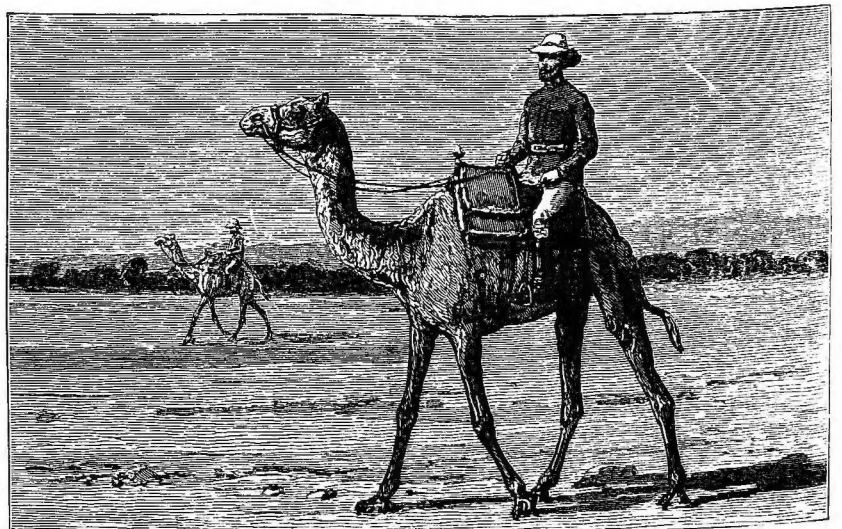
A PAINFUL DUTY IN THE BUSH—BURYING A DEAD SWAGMAN



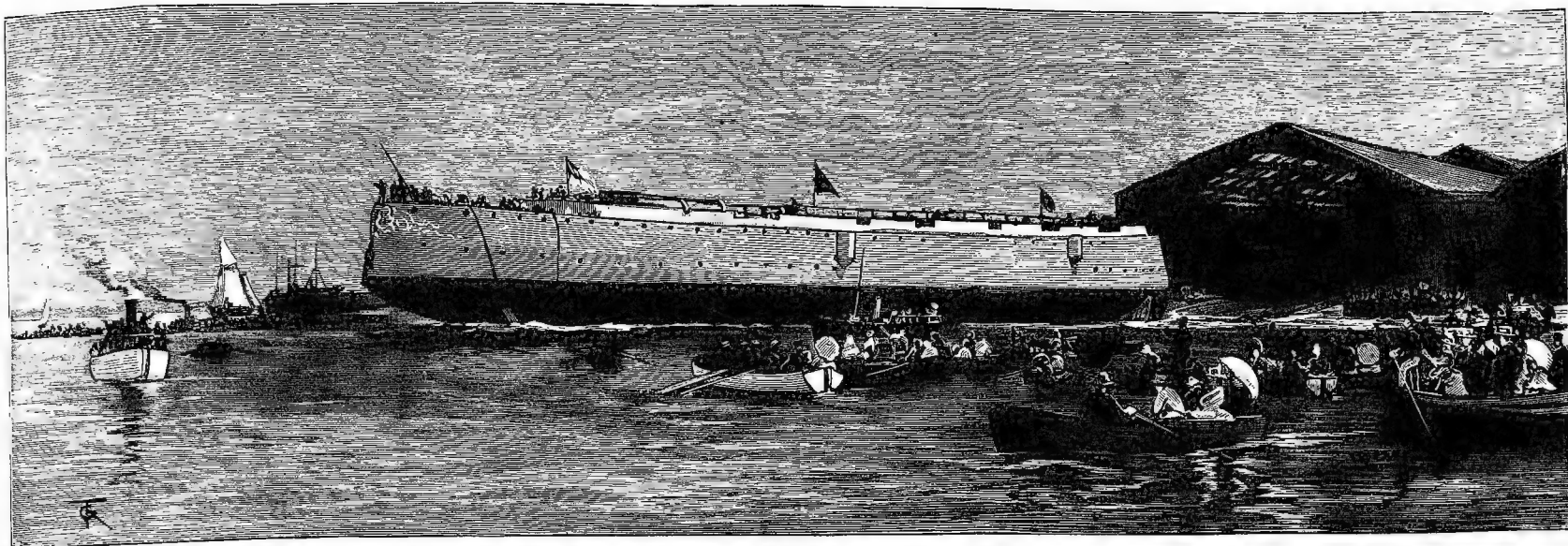
POLICE CAMP—DINNER-TIME



BRINGING DOWN A PRISONER



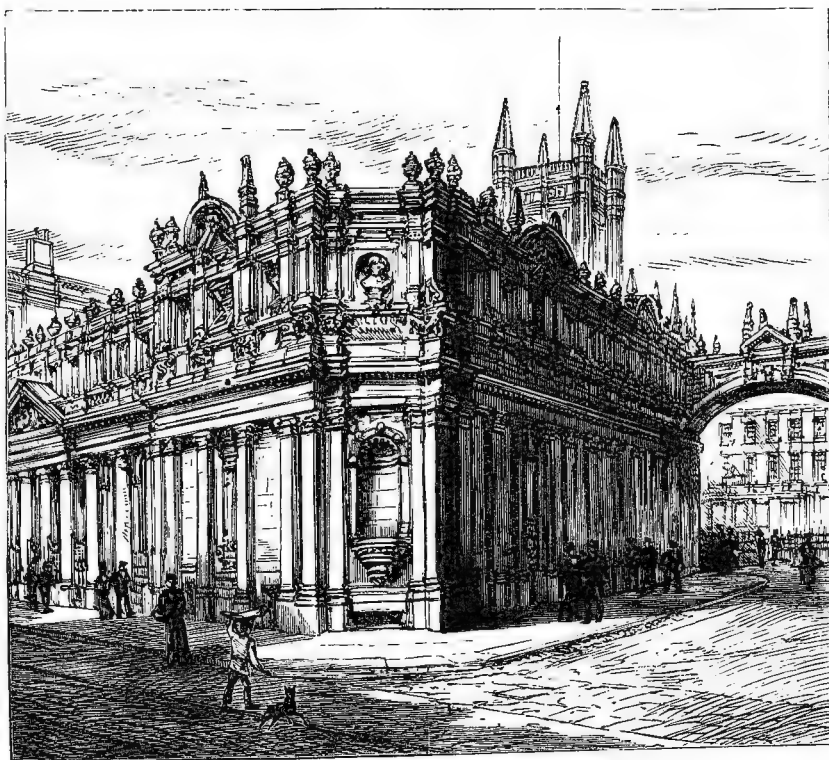
FAR NORTH—SOUTH AUSTRALIA



LAUNCH OF THE NEW TORPEDO DEPÔT SHIP "VULCAN," AT PORTSMOUTH
THE LONGEST VESSEL EVER LAUNCHED FROM PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD

H.M.S. "VULCAN"

THE new torpedo depôt ship, which was launched last Thursday week, is officially described as a swift protected cruiser, equipped with all the requisite appliances for lifting and carrying a number of the largest torpedo boats of the second class. Such a vessel has now become an absolute necessity, considering the manner in which these little craft are knocked about in stormy weather, and their inability to steam long distances. In addition the *Vulcan* will be fitted with a laboratory and a factory, or workshop, for the purpose of repairing torpedoes and torpedo boats and their machinery, and will contain all the gear necessary for submarine mining operations on a large scale, besides serving as a practice and training-ship for all sorts of mining and torpedo work. She will also carry a large quantity of electric cables. Hydraulic cranes will lift the torpedo boats in and out of the *Vulcan*, which is well protected in all vital parts by a strongly-plated deck below the water line and a double-bottom well subdivided into watertight compartments—there being also an underwater ram of a very formidable character. The armament will consist exclusively of quick-firing and machine-guns; torpedo-tubes will be provided, firing fore and aft, and perhaps from the broadside, while nine second-class torpedo-boats will be carried. The engines are to work up to 12,000 horse-power, and to attain a speed of twenty knots. Thus the various features enumerated, as a writer in the *Times* remarks, will show

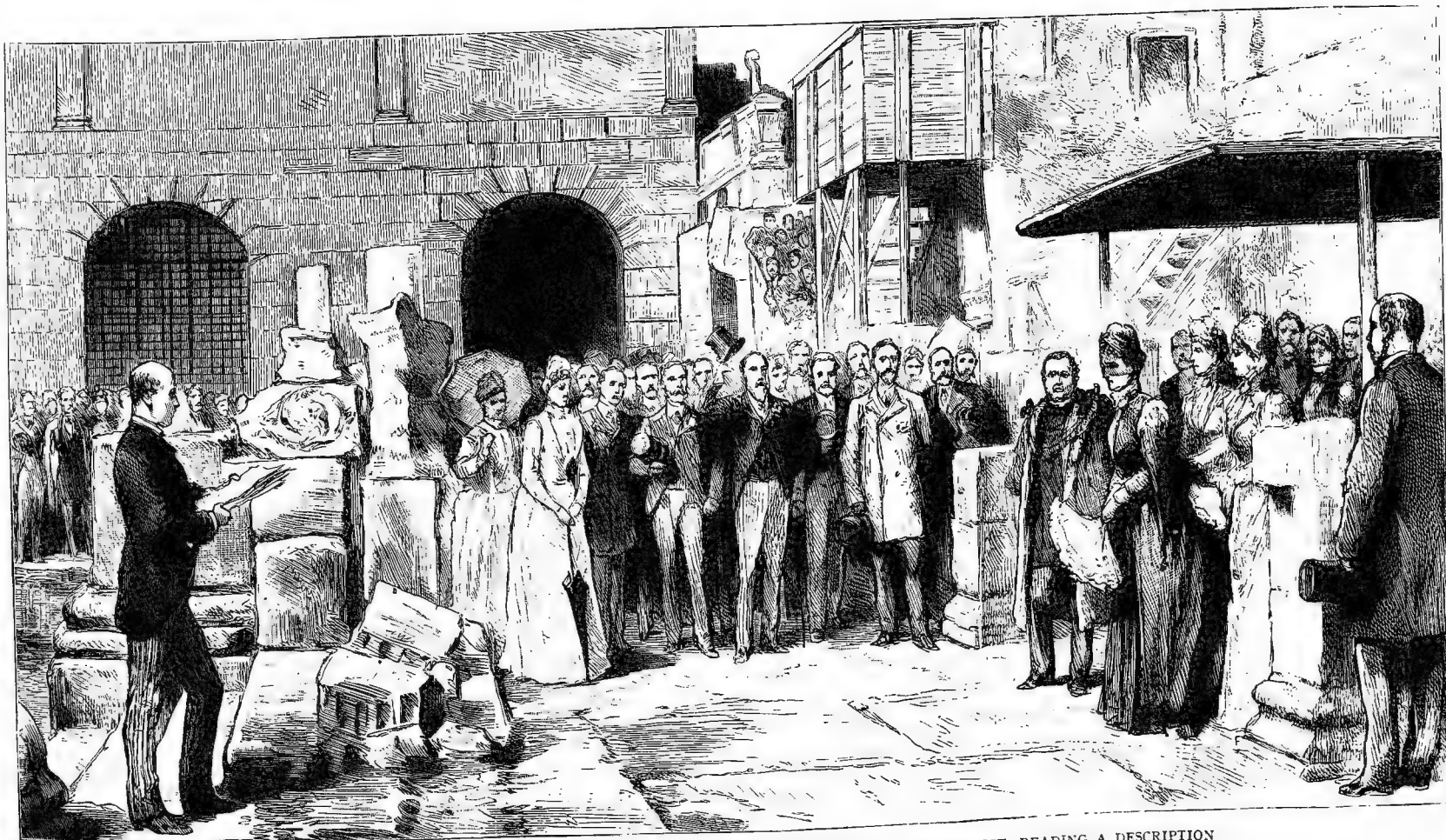


GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW BATHS

that the *Vulcan* bids fair to prove an invaluable auxiliary to a fleet. Her speed being at least as great as that of any large vessel yet afloat, and hardly less than that attained by the quickest torpedo-craft, she will be able to accept or decline an action, while the power and rapid fire of her armament will justify her in engaging any enemy short of a battle-ship. The *Vulcan* is of nearly 7,000 tonnage, and the total estimate of cost 283,955*l.*, exclusive of guns, which are expected to cost 8,152*l.* The ceremony of the launch was attended by various high officials, including Sir J. E. Commerell, Commander-in-Chief, and Admiral Gordon, Superintendent of the Yard. A religious service having been performed by the Rev. C. J. Corfe, Dockyard Chaplain, Mrs. Gordon gave the name to the vessel, and the lanyards supporting the dogshores having been cut away, the immense structure glided into the water amid loud cheering, and the strains of "Rule Britannia" from the band of the Royal Artillery.

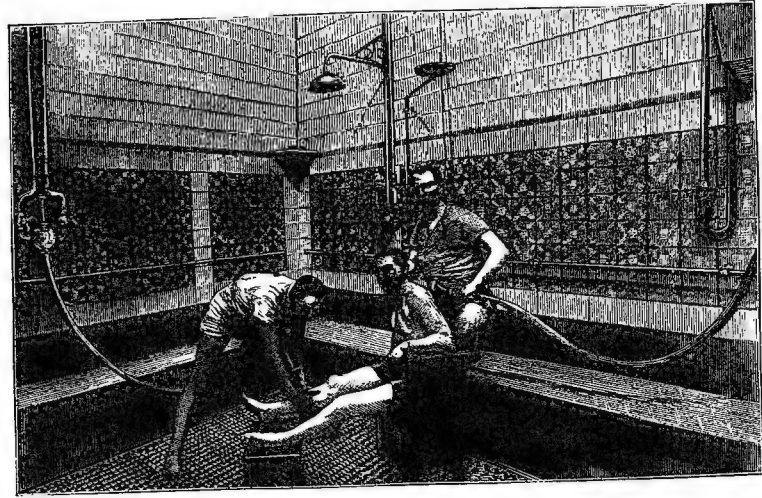
THE NEW BATHS AT BATH

FROM the earliest Roman times the waters of Bath have been celebrated for their health-giving properties, and though since the days of Beau Nash the city has declined in favour as a fashionable centre, it has always remained a favourite curative resort. Of late years also there has been a distinct revulsion in favour of undergoing treatment in comfortable quarters in Eng-



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY AT THE OLD ROMAN BATH—MAJOR DAVIES, THE CITY ARCHITECT, READING A DESCRIPTION
THE OPENING OF THE NEW BATHS, AT BATH, BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

land, rather than of flying off to the various foreign "spas." The civic authorities of Bath have been quick to take advantage of this turn of public feeling, and for some years past have been expending money and energy in bringing up their baths to all the



A MASSAGE BATH

requirements of modern times. On Thursday last week the Duchess of Albany, acting in the place of the Princess Louise, who was too ill to perform the ceremony, opened some new baths, which have been erected at a cost of nearly 25,000*l.*, and will provide increased accommodation for utilising the thermal waters by means

features of the baths, one of the most important of these being the Inhalation Room. Both mineral and spring water are introduced here into a basin in the centre of the room, constructed, so to speak, in two storeys. The smaller, or upper, one is made of aluminium, and bevelled at an angle of about 80 deg. Upon this bevelled plate an almost infinite series of jets is made to play from a finely-perforated metal pipe, concealed in the edge of the lower storey of the basin, and, the plate being already heated by steam, assists in giving off an atomised vapour. The upper storey, in which mineral water is placed, being heated by a steam chest below, throws off mineral vapour, or medicated vapour, if so required by a medical man. Another room is the Humage Room, where, by ingenious appliances the water can be administered in various ways to the nose, ears, eyes, or with medicated tinctures to a mouth, throat, and respiratory organs. There are a large number of reclining and other baths in private rooms—the reclining baths being fitted with head and book-rests for those who have to remain in the water a long time. One of the Carlsbad reclining baths has free access all round, so that the patient may be freely massaged; while in another apartment there is a box-like structure in which a patient may take his seat, the whole of his body except his head, for which an opening is especially provided at the top, being subjected to the action of the vapour which arises in full volume direct from the springs beneath; while, as we show, there are also various means for applying the vapour in other ways. The whole of the baths and

apartments have been tastefully decorated, the pavement being tessellated, and most of the baths having incised tiles at the bottom, so as to prevent the patient from slipping, a common accident when smooth tiles are used. Altogether, thanks to the energy of her *Ediles*, Bath is now able to take her stand in the very first rank of

nearly as big as itself. These rush-bearings are generally tall crosses or shepherds' crooks, the design is made in rushes, and stands from one to four feet high, the whole is ornamented, often covered, with flowers, and in some cases the result is very beautiful. The children gather gradually in the churchyard, amid an admiring crowd; and then walk in procession to the church, where the "Rush-Bearings" are placed on boards along the edges of the pews. Probably in former days the rush-bearers were men and women, and not children. Still the little bearers and the trophies they carry are a touching link with the past. And it is interesting to think for how many years the simple country-folk have come from all sides of the quiet little valley to their bright Festival in the quaint old church.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Miss Wintle, 21, Warwick Square, S.W.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewinall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 677.

IN THE AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED POLICE

THE duties of a mounted police trooper in the colonies are so multifarious (especially in the bush) that he has in reality very little idle time on his hands. If he be stationed in a bush district he has not only to attend to his police duties for many hundreds of miles round, but, perhaps, also to act as clerk to the local justices, as Crown Lands Ranger, and a dozen other minor duties which he may be called upon at any moment to perform. After being admitted to the force as a candidate on probation, he has, like a cavalry recruit, to go through the rough-riding school, sword exercise, and revolver practice before he is considered suitable for regular duty as a police trooper. In South Australia (the mounted troopers of which are considered the finest in the colonies) the troopers, in consequence of the dryness of the interior many hundreds of miles north of Adelaide, ride camels instead of horses, and do a deal of valuable service in those arid localities, where so many men perish from want of water. A "swagman" is a man who travels with all his property on his back, and tramps the country either in genuine or pretended search for work. These poor fellows often fall victims to the combined effects of hunger and thirst.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. A. Esam, Springfield, Sutton, near Chester.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "VULCAN" AND THE NEW BATHS AT BATH

See page 681

THE MURDER OF DR. CRONIN

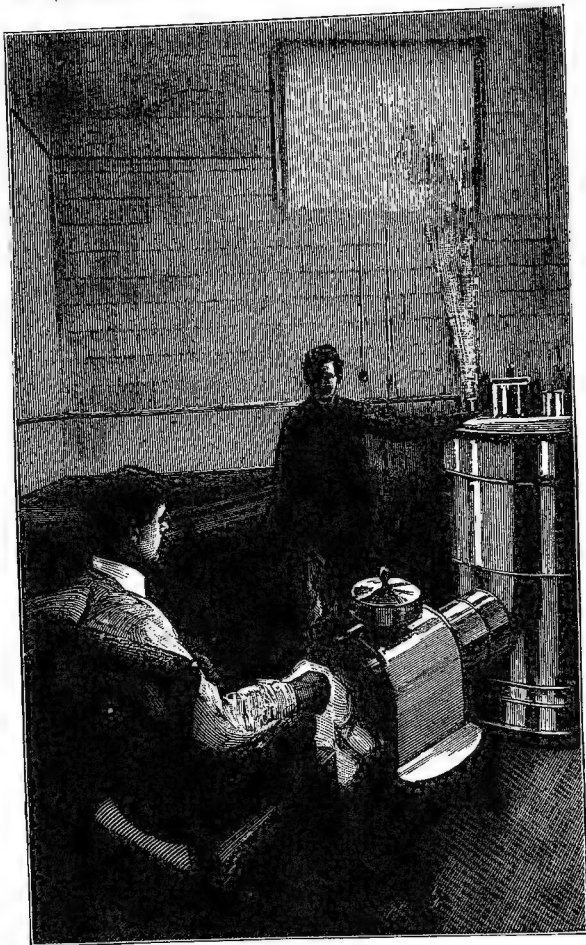
See page 691

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL WEDDING

See page 692.

THE CHETWYND-DURHAM LIBEL CASE

OUR full-page sketch of the Court in which this *cause célèbre* of the Turf is being tried includes portraits of the principal actors in the forensic drama—arbitrators, plaintiff and defendant, counsel, prominent witnesses, and some of the spectators. Among the latter is that Nestor of the Turf, the Duke of Beaufort, with Lord Londonderry, relaxing from the cares of Irish Viceroyalty; Lord Lurgan, the owner of Acme, one of the horses the diversity of whose performances is pronounced on behalf of the defendant to be suspicious; Lord Dudley, who became ultimately the owner of the much-talked-of Fullerton; and Mr. Samuel Lewis, whose alleged part-ownership of certain horses with the plaintiff, Sir G. Chetwynd is accused of neglecting to have had duly registered. The examination of the plaintiff—its opening was referred to in our last issue—extended over four days. Much of his cross-examination continued to be on the subject of the alleged in-and-out running of a number of horses in which he was interested one way or another. His replies were intended to explain it as due to circumstances over which he had no control. One of the charges against him was that Wood, while acting as his jockey, was part-owner with him of horses after the Jockey Club had forbidden any acting jockey to own horses. Subsequently to the issue of this pro-



NATURAL VAPOUR BATH, SHOWING LEG APPARATUS

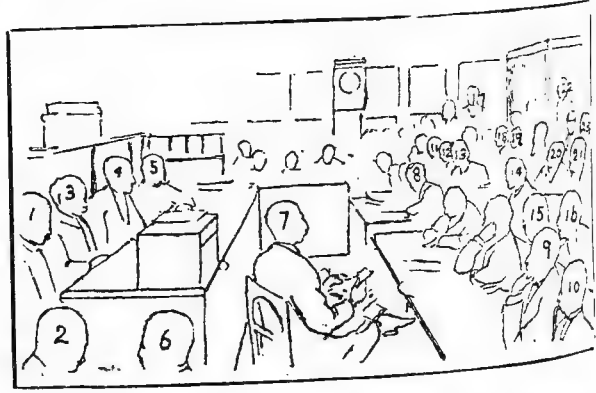
European health resorts, and we trust will be well able to hold her own in the competition which is going on in every direction with the enterprising foreigner.—Our engravings are from sketches, and from photographs by Walter G. Lewis, 1 and 2, Seymour Street, Green Park, Bath.

A PISCATORIAL SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION

OUR illustrations were taken during a trip of a dredging expedition in the Atlantic off the West Coast of Ireland, made under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, in order to ascertain the nature of animal life at the bottom of the ocean at a depth exceeding 300 fathoms. The result was highly satisfactory, and the discoveries show that the ocean teems with life at a depth of more than 1,000 fathoms. Numerous rare and hitherto unknown specimens were secured, and when the deep trawl was shot with 1,270 fathoms of steel rope it brought up some highly interesting creatures—a perfectly black fish with white eyes being particularly remarkable. This haul occupied three hours of continuous labour. Other and equally successful finds were subsequently made, and a valuable collection of rare forms of deep-sea life procured. The proceedings, however, were somewhat interrupted by stormy weather, and at one time refuge had to be sought in Berehaven, while at another the members of the Expedition had a narrow escape—their steamer, the *Flying Falcon*, of the Clyde Shipping Company, being nearly run down by an Atlantic liner, the two vessels actually grazing each other. The Expedition was composed of Dr. Charles Ball, of Dublin, Mr. W. de Vimes-Kane, of Dublin, Mr. Joseph Wright, F.G.S., of Belfast, Mr. J. H. Poole, C.E., of Dublin, Mr. S. Lloyd Prager, C.E., of Belfast, Rev. W. S. Green, M.A., of Carrigaline, and Mr. J. Day, of Cork. To the last-named gentleman we are indebted for the photographs from which our illustrations are engraved.

RUSH-BEARING FESTIVAL AT GRASMERE

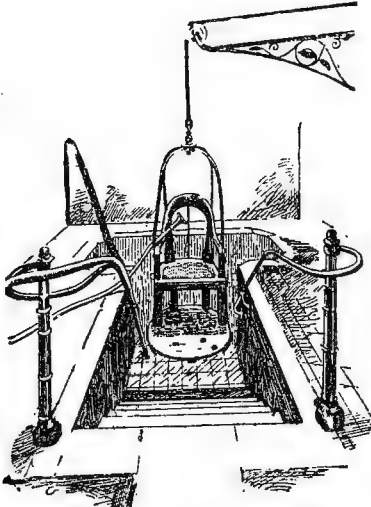
THE days when churches were strewn with rushes seem so far from our own, that it is almost like taking part in a fairy-tale to find ourselves at a Rush-Bearing Festival, such as took place one Sunday last August at the little village of Grasmere, in Westmoreland. Most people know that quiet little spot, where the old church stands on the bank of the hurrying river, a spot doubly sacred from being the last resting-place of the poet Wordsworth and his sister. On rush-bearing evening the churchyard wall is crowded with childish figures, each with a "Rush-Bearing," often



- | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1.—Mr. North, Secretary | 9.—Capt. Chetwynd | 16.—Counsel for Sir G. Chetwynd |
| 2.—Duke of Beaufort | 10.—Mr. Sam. Lewis | 17.—Major Kerston |
| 3.—Lord March | 11.—Mr. George Lewis | 18.—Lord Londonderry |
| 4.—Mr. Lowther | 12.—Mr. Mathew | 19.—Lord Dudley |
| 5.—Prince Soltykoff | 13.—Sir C. Russell | 20.—Wood |
| 6.—Lord Lurgan | 14.—Sir H. James | 21.—Sherrard |
| 7.—Sir George Chetwynd | 15.—Mr. Pollard | 22.—Mr. Benson |
| 8.—Lord Durham | | 23.—Gen. Owen Williams |

hibition, Wood sold to Sir G. Chetwynd horses of which he had been owner, but it was suggested for the defendant that the sale was a fictitious one, and that Wood remained in part their owner. This Sir G. Chetwynd emphatically denied, and his denial was echoed by Wood himself, who with Mr. Sherrard (portraits of both of them are given in our illustration) the lessee of the establishment in which Sir G. Chetwynd's horses were trained, was called for the plaintiff. The cross-examination of Mr. Sherrard was largely directed to make out that he had sold horses collusively for Wood which remained Wood's property. With the close of Sherrard's examination on Monday in this week the case for the plaintiff came virtually to an end. For the defendant, Lord Marcus Beresford, the official starter of the Jockey Club, gave it as his opinion, founded on personal observation, that at several races in 1887 Wood had evidently tried not to win, among the horses thus ridden by him being Fullerton and Acme. Then appeared a volunteer-witness, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, to offer a flat contradiction to certain statements previously made with reference to herself and her late husband, Mr. Sterling Crawford, by Sherrard, whom at one time they employed as their trainer. After evidence given by Lord Arthur Somerset to the effect that he had seen Wood deliberately prevent Fullerton, who started first favourite at 9 to 7, from winning the Autumn Handicap at Newmarket in 1887, the proceedings were adjourned on Monday until to-day, Saturday.

of the most modern appliances, such as are in use at Aix-les-Bains and other Continental spas, with the result that important methods of cure, which hitherto invalids could only procure abroad, may now be obtained at this establishment. The



A CHAIR BATH



THE BOX NATURAL VAPOUR BATH

Duchess was warmly welcomed on her arrival, the streets being gaily decorated and crowded with sight-seers, and after receiving an address at the Grand Pump Room from the Mayor, Mr. H. W. Freeman, the Duchess was conducted by that gentleman over the



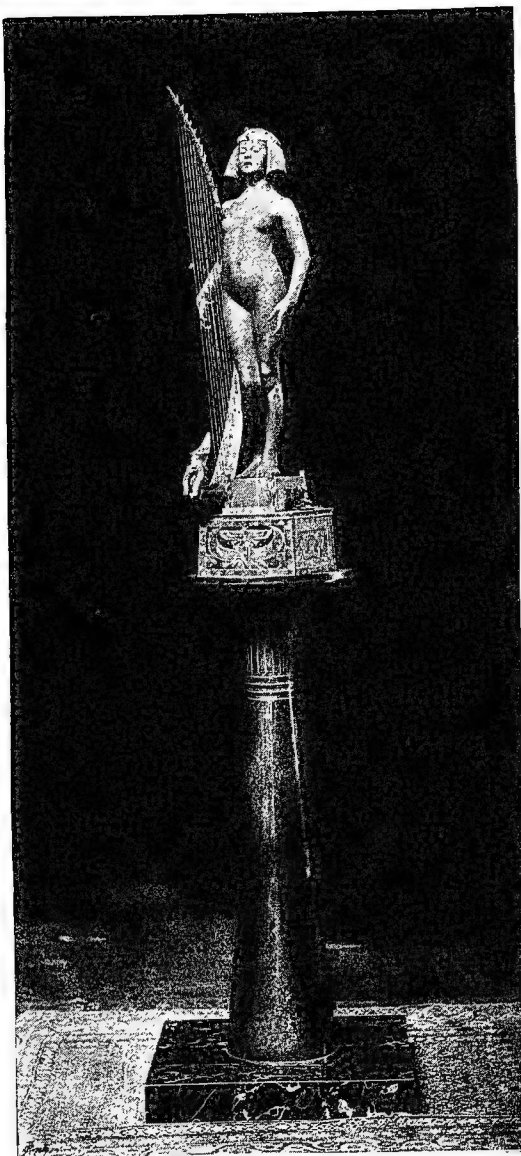
THE INHALATION ROOM

new establishment and the interesting old Roman baths, where the City Architect, Major C. E. Davies, who had done so much towards bringing them to light, read an interesting paper on the subject. Our illustrations represent some of the new



Mrs S. E. WALLER
"THE VERY BUTCHER OF A SILK BUTTON,
A DUELLIST, A DUELLIST."

Grosvenor Gallery



E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.
"THE SINGER"
(Bronze Statuette)
Royal Academy



WILLIAM LOGSDAIL

"FREDERICK VILLIERS ESQ."

Grosvenor Gallery



WILLIAM STRUTT

"STOCKS CLOSED FIRM, BUT UPWARD TENDENCY"

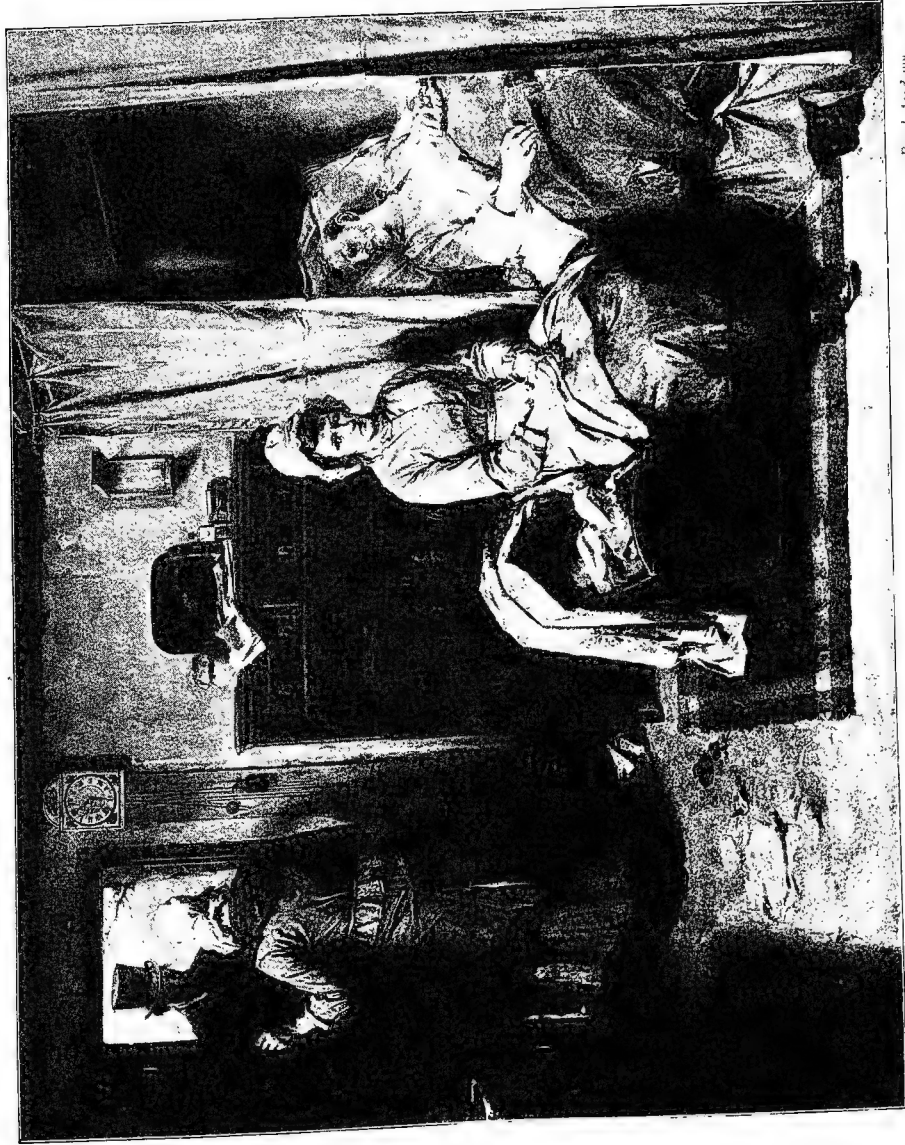
Mendoc's Gallery



HENRY MOORE, A.R.A.

"SHINE AND SHOWER"

Royal Academy



THOMAS FAED, R.A.

"HUSH! LET HIM SLEEP"

Royal Academy



FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.

"THE PASSING OF ARTHUR"

(By permission of Arthur Lucas, the Proprietor of the Copyright, who will publish an important engraving of this subject)

Royal Academy

THE CHILDREN'S HOME, EDGORTH, BOLTON

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WINDSOR
See page 687

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER

THE ARMAGH RAILWAY DISASTER

PROMULGATING THE NEW CONSTITUTION AT TOKIO

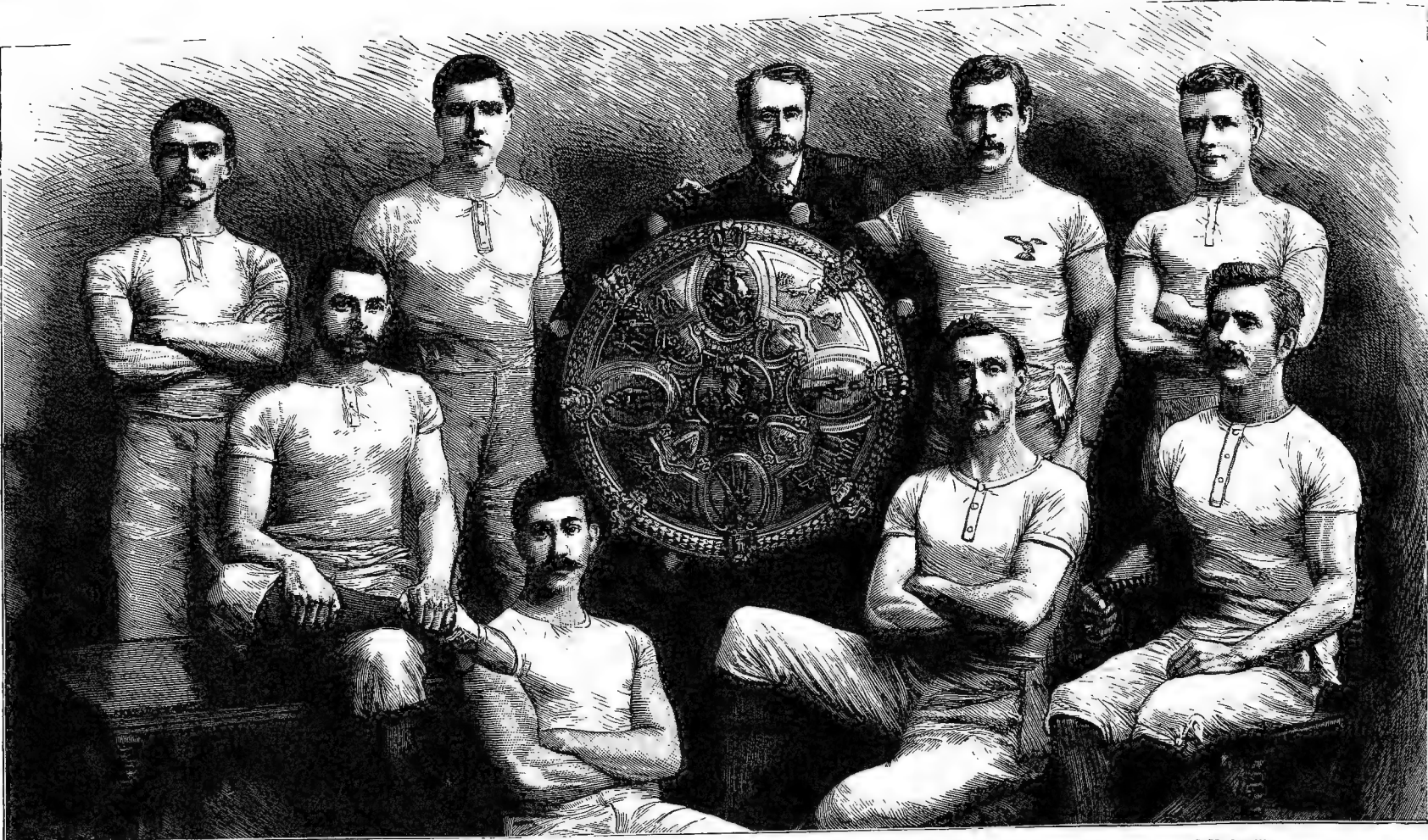
THE OLD AND THE NEW IN EGYPT

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, IV.

THE LATE MR. HENRY HARRISON.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry Harrison, aged seventy. Mr. Harrison was one of our most accomplished landscape wood-engravers. He was apprenticed to Mr. Bonner, and when he had served his time started an *atelier* in Paris with the late George H. Thomas, at a time when English wood-engravers were in great request on the Continent. From there he went to New York with Mr. G. Thomas, and commenced an illustrated paper. He was for a short time head of the engraving department of the *Illustrated London News*, and afterwards undertook for the Bank of England the engraving and watermark of their notes. Much of his best work as a landscape engraver was published in our paper. By his death we lose one of the last of a series of talented wood-engravers, such as Luke Clennell, Branston, Jackson, Powis, and John Thomson, carrying us back almost to the time of Bewick.

H. W. Clarke

W. G. Blatch



W. C. Player

F. de Escofet

A. L. Fitt

R. de Escofet

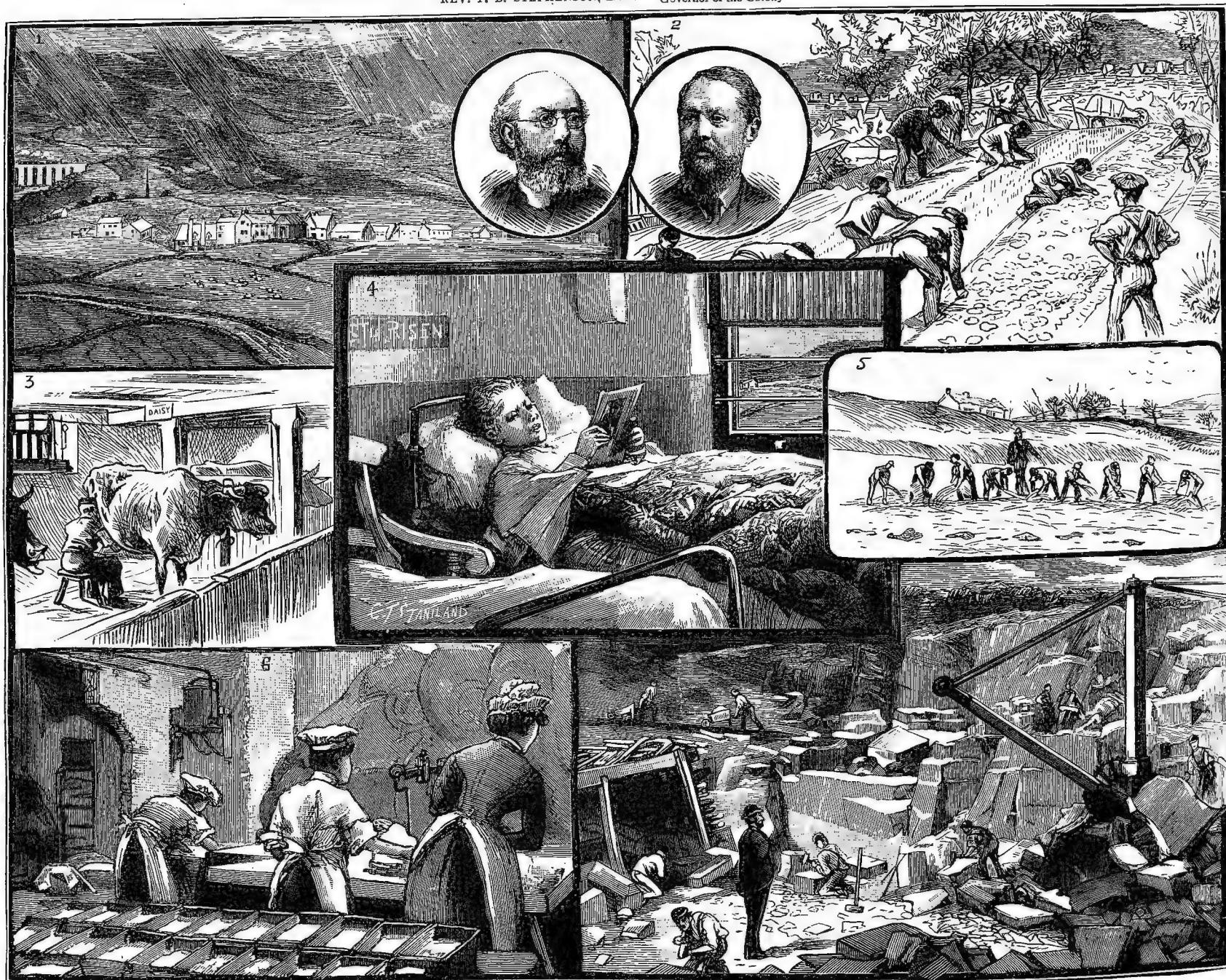
J. M. Hubbard (Captain)

F. H. Jenkins

C. Underhill

BIRMINGHAM ATHLETES, WINNERS OF THE CHALLENGE SHIELD OF THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL RECREATION SOCIETY AT LIVERPOOL.

REV. T. B. STEPHENSON, LL.D. MR. A. W. MOGER
Governor of the Colony



1. General View of the Colony
2. Boys Weeding

3. Boy Milking
4. A Corner in the Cottage Hospital

5. Shaking Hay
6. The Bakery

7. Boys Quarrying Stone

FRESH AIR AND HEALTHY WORK FOR CITY ARABS
NOTES AT THE LANCASHIRE BRANCH OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME, CROWTHORNE, EDGORTH, NEAR BOLTON



THE JUBILEE OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SHOW GROUND AT WINDSOR

Griffiths



THERE was a sharp war scare at the close of last week owing to the success of the Pan-Slavist party in Serbia, which it was feared might induce Austria to take hostile action, and to the manifestly strained relations between the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. This week a more tranquil feeling has prevailed, and the most energetic denials have been made to the rumours that the Metropolitan Michael has a cut-and-dried scheme for the aggrandisement of Serbia at the expense of her neighbour, and with the assistance of Russia, while M. Gruitch has even issued a Circular Note, which certainly bears evidence of having been inspired by Russia. In this he explains that the return of the Metropolitan, and the commemoration of the battle of Kosovo are events which possess no international importance, while as regards the Czar's now historic toast, it was merely intended to honour a Prince noted for his devotion to the Russian family, and in no way designed as an attack on the Serbian reigning family. Again, in another Note, M. Gruitch denies the truth of a report that a military convention has been concluded between Russia and Serbia. These Notes are undoubtedly intended to quiet Austrian apprehensions, but these are now thoroughly aroused, and are hardly likely to be calmed down by these assurances, which are so palpably made through a Russian mouthpiece. Moreover, the growing ill-feeling between Berlin and St. Petersburg which has broken out afresh with regard to the Railway Stock Conversion Scheme, and the delay of the Czar in paying Emperor William his return visit, are all elements of discord which have to be reckoned with in the present European situation. The Czar, according to all canons of etiquette, should have been the first Sovereign to visit Emperor William, who lost no time in going to St. Petersburg after his accession; but the Russian Monarch has a keen recollection of the cool manner in which he was received by the Berliners last year, and is doubly piqued at the enthusiastic welcome accorded to King Humbert. Consequently, while the Emperor would like the Czar to visit him at Berlin, the latter would evidently prefer meeting him at some other town—Kiel, for instance—and there is at present no little friction between the two Courts on the subject. In the present phase of affairs, Count Kalnoky's forthcoming address to the Foreign Affairs' Committee of the Austrian-Hungarian Delegations, which meet to-day (Saturday), is looked forward to with much interest and no little anxiety.

In GERMANY, there have been great festivities in Dresden to celebrate the eight-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the House of Wettin as the ruling dynasty of what is now the Kingdom of Saxony. The dynasty is generally reckoned to date from bestowal of the Marquisate of Meissen by the Emperor Henry IV. on Henry of Eilenburg or Wettin. The Emperor and a host of princely notabilities have been present to do honour to King Albert, whose subjects have made him a commemorative gift of 150,000*l.* for the renovation and restoration of his palace. The festivities began on Saturday night with a grand torchlight procession of the students, and on Sunday there were thanksgiving *Te Deums* and special services in the churches. On Tuesday there was a grand review before the King and his Imperial guests—both Sovereigns leading their respective regiments past the saluting point. In the afternoon the King unveiled a statue of his father King John; in the evening a grand State banquet took place at the Schloss, at which King and Emperor cordially exchanged toasts; and, finally, there was a grand equestrian entertainment representing episodes of the Siege of Vienna. On Wednesday there was one of those historical and allegorical processions which the Germans love so well. To turn to political subjects, the Samoan Conference duly concluded its labours last week, and though its decision is kept secret, it is generally believed that the United States have carried their points, and that King Malietoa will be reinstated. The controversy with Switzerland continues, and Prince Bismarck is evidently bent upon compelling that country to cease to be a harbour of refuge for German democratic malcontents and Socialist refugees. In this he is joined by Russia, and both the German and Russian Representatives have addressed a formal complaint to the Swiss Government of the misuse on the part of Switzerland of the rights of neutrality granted to her, and of the neglect on the part of her officials of the duties resulting from those rights. To this the Federal Council appears to have addressed a reply declaring Switzerland's willingness at all times to fulfil her international duties, and it is stated that legislation with regard to the administration of the foreign police, and the creation of a legal official to take charge of such a department, is now before the Chamber. This official would be practically a revival of the old Attorney-General for the Confederation, and he would have charge of the administration of Federal criminal laws.

FRANCE has been watching the discussion of the Naval Estimates with considerable interest. There have been some unusually practical speeches, and amongst them one from Admiral de Dompierre d'Hornoy, who, with sailorlike frankness, admitted that France did not need to rival England's navy, which had to protect possessions in every quarter of the globe, but urged that, at the same time, she should be the second naval Power in the world, remain mistress of the Mediterranean, and be strong enough to cope with the united navies of Germany and Italy. Admiral Krantz, the Minister of Marine, naturally wanted more money, and pointed to the recent increases in the British and German navies, which necessitated a large addition to the French naval strength in order to enable France to cope with her neighbours. The ordinary estimates were accordingly voted, and Admiral Krantz intimated that he would shortly ask for a further credit of 2,000,000*l.* On Monday M. Jules Ferry made an interesting speech at a banquet of the National Republican Association. The occasion was the centenary of the assumption by the Third Estate of the title of National Assembly, and M. Ferry dwelt eloquently upon the two tasks which the Assembly undertook—the one social, in which it succeeded, by procuring equal rights, social justice, national sovereignty, secularisation of the family, and of the State—the other political, in which it failed, the Constitution it provided being "not a type of Government, but a model of Anarchy." M. Ferry took this as his text for a denunciation of those Republicans who demanded a Constituent Assembly, which he declared "at a time when discord and discouragement prevailed, and when Frenchmen were more divided than at any previous period, would mean anarchy in ideas, and a prelude to civil war and a dictatorship." What is wanted is "a more active and resolute Executive, a Senate less modest and self-effaced, a Chamber less disposed to encroach on the prerogatives of others—all of which could be effected without tampering with the Constitution." He reproached those Republicans who had become the allies of Reactionaries and Clerical Revisionists, urged the necessity for an era of religious peace, and finally called upon all Frenchmen to prove how utterly false was the calumny that they were ready to repudiate the heritage of 1789 and renounce their freedom. This last is naturally a hit at the Boulangists, who have been very quiet this week, the only incident being a visit of M.M. Laguerre, Laisant, and Déroulède to Lisieux, where they held

a "lunch" at five sous a-head admission. The statement of the General that, unknown to his colleagues, when Minister of War, he had armed and equipped 600,000 men of the Territorial army for immediate action at the time of the Schnaebele controversy is warmly denied by the Government organs, who declare that all he did at the time was to order 170,000 blouses, kepis, and trousers, while, when he left office, only 25,000 Lebel rifles had been manufactured. In Paris, the cab-strike is at an end, but the men threaten to renew their agitation if the owners are not speedily compelled to reduce their fixed charge of hire to 20 francs a day. At present the owners have reduced the charge to from 20 to 23 francs. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales has everywhere been most favourably commented upon, the Parisians being evidently pleased at the homely way they have gone about their sight-seeing.

In ITALY Naples is setting her house in order by a reconstruction of her unhealthy quarters. The King and Queen on Saturday witnessed the inauguration of the new sanitary works, which it is hoped will prevent any recurrence of the recent terrible cholera epidemics. Seventeen thousand houses will be pulled down, to be replaced by fine wholesome buildings and wide streets, the main thoroughfare being intended to start from the Central Railway Station, and to open up a district which is now the lowest and most pestilential quarter of Naples. The works will occupy ten years. There is little political news save that on Monday Signor Crispi, in opposing a resolution reducing the estimates for the African campaign announced that he would shortly present papers which would show that Italy was now in a position to gather the fruits of her sacrifices.

In INDIA some rain has fallen in Behar and Ganjam, where the harvest prospects are consequently better. During last week the numbers on the large public works fell from 12,306 to 9,429, as agricultural operations had been resumed. On the small works, however, under civil officers, the numbers had risen from 6,402 to 6,802. The numbers of those gratuitously relieved had risen from 3,508 to 4,468, but the deaths from cholera had decreased from 1,029 to 863. The special difficulty of coping with famine in Ganjam lies in the fact that the district is inaccessible save by sea during the monsoon, while the sea transport is often completely interrupted. Her Majesty has sent a message sympathising with the sufferings of the inhabitants, and desiring that no efforts may be spared to alleviate the distress. There is little other news of interest. The Maharajah of Cashmere is stated to be coming to Simla to protest against having been deprived of his sovereign power; in Sikkim matters are awaiting the arrival of the new Chinese Ampa, and in the Loosai districts three chiefs have now come forward, and promise to give full information of all movements among the hostile tribes, and to admit British forces to the country hitherto closed to Europeans. From BURMA there is nothing of interest, the news being confined to the interminable dacoities and encounters of the marauders with our troops and police.

In the UNITED STATES the Cronin case is attracting the most intense interest. On Saturday Mr. Alexander Sullivan was released on 4,000*l.* bail, which has been furnished by four wealthy Chicago Irishmen. On Monday Moroney and McDonald were discharged, as Judge Andrews, of New York, decided that the evidence against them was insufficient—the witnesses from Chicago having failed to identify them. On Tuesday, a man named Martin Burke, alias Delaney, was arrested at Winnipeg on a charge of complicity in the murder. He is alleged to be the Williams who rented Carlson Cottage, in which the murder took place, and bought its furniture. On Monday a terrific cyclone, accompanied by heavy rain storms, passed over Kansas, causing serious floods. One place—Uniontown, containing a population of 600, was swept away, but the inhabitants escaped, only six persons being drowned.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The general features of the situation in EASTERN EUROPE are mentioned above, but we should mention here that the Prince of Montenegro has made a distinct advance to Serbia by inviting the Regents to the marriage festivities of his daughter Melitza in August, an invitation which has been duly accepted. The agitation in the Greek islands still subject to Turkey is increasing. In CRETE a Provisional Government has been formed to preserve order, as the legal authority has absolutely collapsed. A Turkish Commissioner has been sent there, but little permanent good is expected to be achieved by him. In CHIOS also disturbances have occurred through the arbitrary imprisonment of some delegates who petitioned for the lightening of the taxation, and a Turkish man-of-war has been despatched there, followed, it is somewhat significantly announced, by a French war vessel which has gone "to watch events."—In EGYPT the Nile has commenced to rise feebly at Wady Halfa. On Monday a body of 340 mounted dervishes made a raid on Gustol, forty miles north of Wady Halfa. They were, however, repulsed by Captain Sillem, who opened fire from a gunboat, and landed ninety men to oppose them.—From EAST AFRICA there is news of Mr. Stanley, and letters dated Ujiji state that he has met Tippoo Tib, and that, together with Emin Pasha, he intends forcing his way through Masailand to Mombassa.—Another priest, Father Conrady, in the leper settlement at Molokai, in the SANDWICH ISLANDS, has been stricken with the dread disease.



THE QUEEN returns to Windsor from Balmoral next Thursday morning, especially to inspect the Royal Agricultural Show in Windsor Park. Her Majesty has been enjoying very fine weather at Balmoral for her usual drives with Princess Victoria of Prussia and the Princess of Leiningen, and several long excursions have been made. Saturday being the first anniversary of the death of Emperor Frederick of Germany, a special Memorial Service was held at the Castle before the Queen and Princesses, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, while Her Majesty further sent a wreath with an affectionate inscription to be placed on the Emperor's tomb at Potsdam. During the day also Princess Victoria of Prussia went to Braemar to see the rooms occupied by her father during his two months' stay on Deeside, in 1887. On Sunday Divine Service was performed at the Castle before the Royal party; the Rev. James Barclay officiated, and subsequently dined with the Queen. On returning to Windsor, the Queen will receive the Shah of Persia to lunch at Windsor on July 2nd, and will also be present at the Prince and Princess of Wales' garden-party, on July 4th, given in honour of His Persian Majesty. The next State Ball, on July 3rd, will take place during the Shah's stay in London.—Llangollen is preparing to give Her Majesty an enthusiastic welcome during the coming Welsh visit. The Queen will drive through the Vale on August 23rd, entering from Corwen, and passing through the town and along the banks of the Dee to Sir Theodore Martin's house at Bryntsilio.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, returned to England early on Sunday morning. They had a most busy time in Paris, spending a large portion of each day at the Exhibition, besides luncheon and dining with their friends, and going to the theatre. The Royal party

witnessed the meet of the Paris Four-in-Hand Club, the Princesses being in a carriage, and the Princes on M. Lambert's drag, on which they drove subsequently to the Auteuil Races, while the Princesses went to the Salon. They also were present at the Bill's charitable performance in aid of the victims of the Buffalo sylvanian floods, going afterwards to Miss Leigh's British and American Homes, which they minutely inspected. On Saturday they went over the Pasteur Institute, in which the Prince takes a great interest, lunched on the Eiffel Tower, dined with a large party of guests in the Bois, and spent a short time at the Hippodrome before starting for London, via Calais and Dover. On their return home next morning the Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service, Prince George joining the party from Portsmouth, and inspected the Royal Corps of Commissioners in Chel-sea Hospital grounds. On Monday morning the Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of the Father Damien Memorial Committee, and also at a meeting of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall; and in the afternoon the Prince, together with the Princess, who, with Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, had been present at the marriage of her goddaughter, Miss Alexandra Paget, left town for Sunningdale Park, Ascot, where they entertain their usual race party. The Prince and Princess with their family and guests attended the races in State on Tuesday and Thursday, the Princes also going on the off days; and, besides dinner-parties and a small dance, there will be the usual Virginia Water picnic to-day (Saturday). To-morrow the Royal party will probably attend Divine Service on the Show-Ground of the Royal Agricultural Show, in Windsor Park, and on Monday the Prince opens the Show. He will remain at Sunningdale Park to receive the Queen at the Show on Thursday, and will return to town for the State Concert on Friday, and the Levée next day. The Prince will accompany the Shah in most of his State visits and festivities. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales were elected members of the Princes' Club on Monday. Prince George will preside at a dinner at Fishmongers' Hall on July 10th, with a view to the inauguration of the Royal National Sea Fishermen's Insurance Fund.

The Duke of Edinburgh is now taking the waters at Kissingen. The Duchess has been at St. Petersburg for the marriage festivities of her youngest brother, the Grand Duke Paul, with the Princess Alexandra of Greece.—Young Prince Alfred of Edinburgh has gone to Dresden to represent the Queen at the celebration of the eight-hundredth anniversary of the reigning Saxon dynasty.—Princess Christian's health not being very satisfactory, the usual Ascot party at Cumberland Lodge was given up, as the Prince and Princess will be entertaining guests next week for the Agricultural Show. Princess Louise has also been indisposed while staying at Windsor, and was unable to go to Bath last week to open the new Baths. Accordingly, the Duchess of Albany took her place, and, besides visiting Bath and staying with Mr. Walter Long at Rood Ashton, inaugurated the new Town Hall at Trowbridge. The Duchess on Tuesday distributed the prizes at the Sailors' Daughters' Home, Hampstead, and next Saturday she visits Poplar to lay the foundation stone of Christ Church, supported by the Oxford Mission.—Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with their children, are staying at the Queen's Pavilion, Aldershot, for Ascot Week, and on Monday they witnessed a Field Day on the Fox Hills.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Romeo et Juliette* in French has been the principal novelty at Covent Garden. Familiar enough as Gounod's opera is in Italian, and with Madame Patti in the part of Juliette, the work had not previously been performed in its original tongue in this country. In its new guise it must be confessed that the opera itself is more interesting, and the monotony of the music is less observable, than when the Italian libretto was adhered to. Moreover, at Covent Garden, it is now magnificently mounted and strongly cast, the opening scene in the Palace of the Capulets, the balcony tableau, with its solidly built-up staircases and its real trees, the chamber scene, despite the anachronisms as to furniture, and the tomb are thoroughly worthy of the work and the house in which it is produced. In regard to the cast Madame Melba sang and acted creditably; although, of course, it would hardly be fair to put her in comparison with so distinguished an artist as Madame Patti, with whom the rôle has hitherto been chiefly identified. The strongest features of the performance were the Romeo and Friar Laurence of the brothers De Reszke. Although in the hands of M. J. de Reszke the hero is not so youthful as Shakespearean students would have us believe the stripling ought to be, yet he played the lover in the balcony and chamber scenes as probably only an actor trained in France could do. Moreover, in the turbulent situation in which Mercutio and Tybalt are killed he bore himself with a manliness and impetuosity which quite excited the house. The minor parts were very strongly cast by Mlle. de Vigne, Madame Lablache, M.M. Seguin, Montariol, Castelmari, and Winogradow. The Russian baritone, it is true, hardly realised the character of Mercutio, and he sang the "Queen Mab" song in rather heavy fashion. But not a single character was entrusted to any but a capable artist, and M. Gounod's romantic opera has rarely been heard to greater advantage. On Thursday last week *Don Giovanni* was given, but the changes made necessary by indisposition somewhat affected the performance. Its best features were the Don of Señor F. d'Andrade (a libertine nobleman to the life), the Elvira of Madame Valda, and the Zerlina of the American Miss Van Zandt.

Mr. Barton McGuckin made his first appearance in Italian Opera on Monday in his famous part of Lohengrin, which M. Jean de Reszke, with true artistic feeling, resigned to him on hearing that the Irish tenor particularly wished to make his first appearance in this character. The manly and vigorous representation of Wagner's hero by Mr. McGuckin is well known to lovers of opera in America, and associated as he was with Madame Albani, Madame Fursch-Madi, M.M. F. d'Andrade, Seguin, and Castelmari (M. Edouard de Reszke alone being an absentee), the performance was again a very good one.

On Tuesday *Les Huguenots* was given, with another splendid cast. No finer Raoul de Nangis than M. J. de Reszke now exists on the contemporary operatic stage, and in the grand duet with the Valentina, which, according to the version current here, ends the opera, he was once more heard at his best. Miss Ella Russell was again the brightest of Queen Marguerites, Madame Scalchi was the Page, and the three characters of San Bris, De Nevers, and Mar-cello could not have been in better hands than those of M.M. Lassalle, F. d'Andrade, and E. de Reszke. The special chorus again assisted in the scene of the "Benediction of the Swords." Mlle. Palladino danced, and Signor Mancinelli conducted. Special interest was excited by the debut of Frau Toni Schlager, the leading *prima donna* of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, who now made her first appearance in London in the part of Valentina. The new comer is an experienced artist, and a splendid actress, although perhaps no longer in her first youth or freshness of voice. Her best effect was, of course, made in the grand duet with Raoul in the final act.

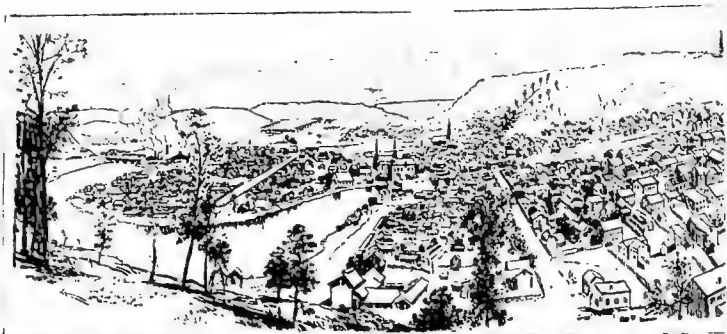
minimally occurred. The information is furnished to us by the meteorological service.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week, although changeable, has been dry and fair or fine generally. Pressure during the first half of the period was chiefly lowest off our West and North Coasts, and highest over the Bay of Hiscay, but, subsequently the lowest values of the barometer were found to the Eastward of our area, while the highest had become transferred to our Islands. The winds, which occasionally blew freshly in the West and the Channel, were mostly from between West and South at first, and then became very variable, mostly from Westerly airs were felt in the North and Easterly breezes in the South. Taking the week as a whole a good deal of clouds prevailed, but the sky was frequently bright and clear in nearly all parts of the Kingdom, with comparatively little rainfall anywhere. Night temperatures were again above the average generally, but the daily maxima fell considerably below those of the previous week, albeit they occasionally exceeded 70° at times over a large portion of the United Kingdom. The highest readings of all were 76° over the Midlands, and 72° in the South-East of England on Sunday (16th inst.), and 73° in Central Ireland on Monday (17th inst.). At the close of the week the mercury was still rising, and there appeared at that time probability of any change in the winds, or the fair weather experienced at that time.

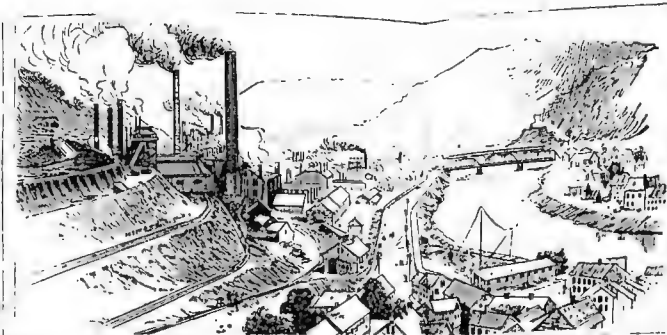
In London the barometer was highest at 30.24 (inches) on Tuesday (18th inst.), lowest (29.90 inches) on Thursday (15th inst.); range 0.34 inch.

The temperature was highest (72°) on Thursday and Sunday (13th and 16th inst.), lowest (50°) on Tuesday (18th inst.); range 22°.

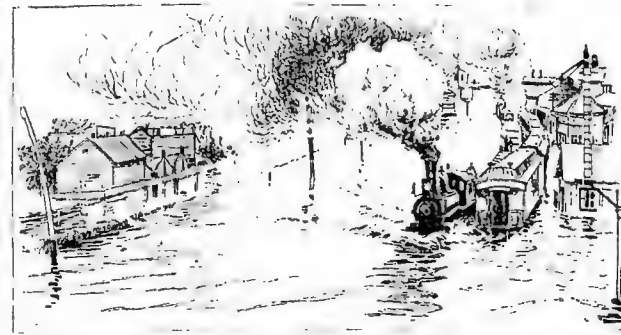
Rain fell on one day (Saturday). Total amount 0.20 inch.



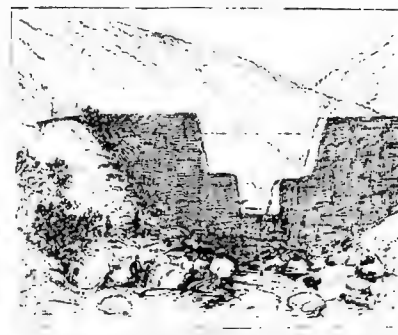
JOHNSTOWN BEFORE THE FLOOD



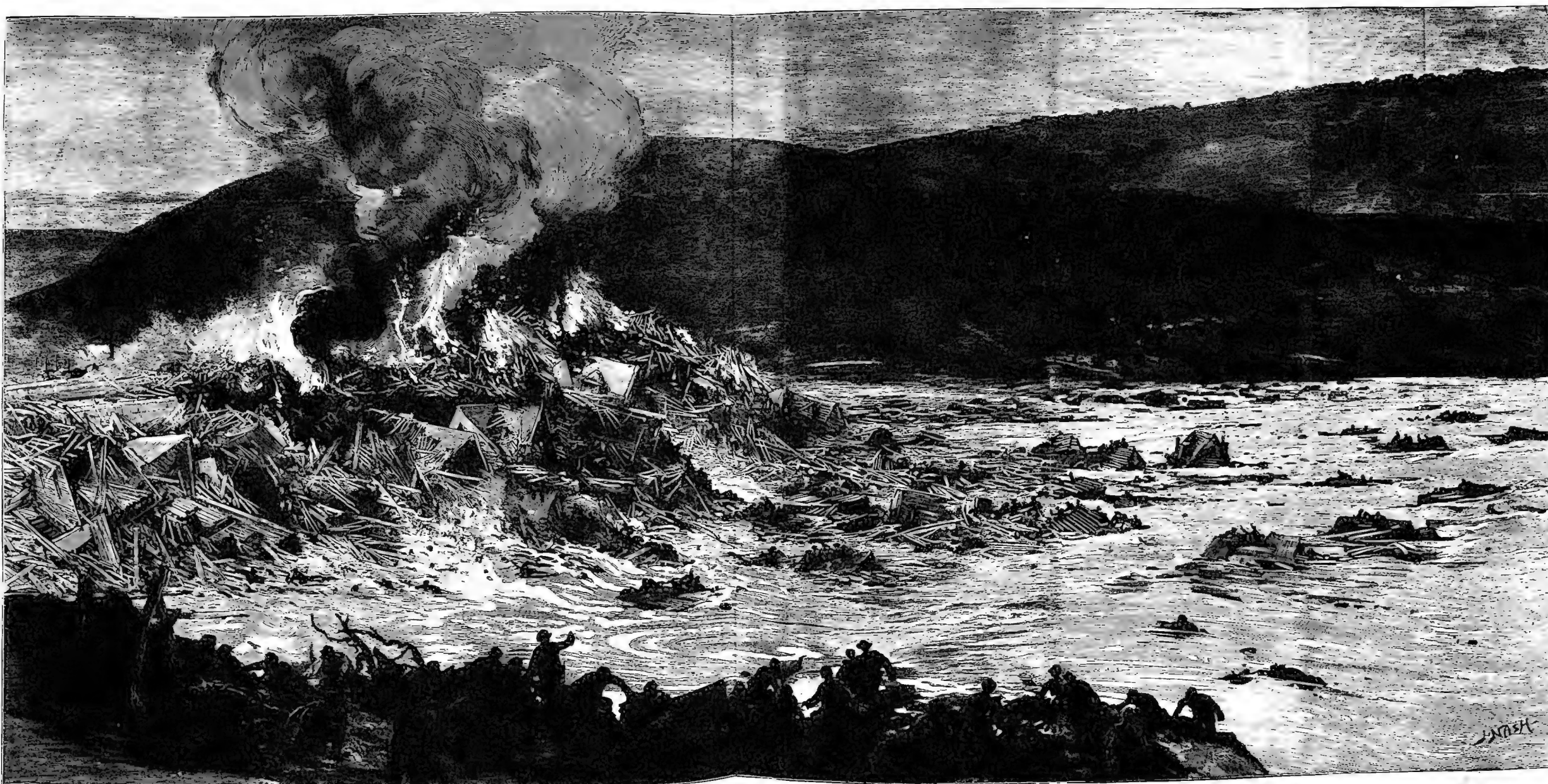
JOHNSTOWN, THE CONEMAUGH RIVER AND THE CAMBRIA IRON-WORKS BEFORE THE FLOOD



THE LAST TRAIN FROM HARRISBURG PLOUGHING THROUGH THE FLOOD A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM THE SUQUEHANNA RIVER



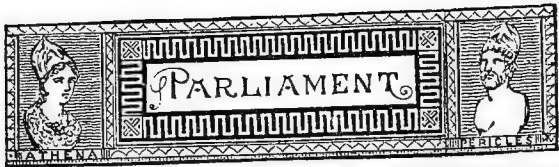
THE BROKEN SOUTH FORK DAM OF THE RESERVOIR, SKETCHED FROM THE BED OF THE CONEMAUGH RIVER, SHOWING THE GREAT BREAK MADE BY THE OUR-RUSHING WATERS



THE FLOOD AND THE DAM OF DÉBRIS AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE

The Flood swept away human beings, houses, trees, and a mass of debris which was caught by the stone railway bridge, and formed an enormous dam forty feet high. This barrier caught fire, and 1,000 persons are supposed to have perished by fire and water at the point sketched by our artist.

THE RECENT FATAL FLOODS AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.



PARLIAMENT has resumed its labours after the Whitsun recess, the Commons meeting on Monday, and the Lords bringing up the rearguard on Tuesday. In the Commons there was a better attendance than was expected, members usually displaying a disposition to extend the holidays at whatever length they may originally have been fixed. One of the very earliest comers was Mr. Gladstone fresh from his campaign in the West. This was the greatest surprise of all. Telegrams reaching London by the midday service were pouring into the news-room of the House of the floods of his eloquence delivered at Shaftesbury and Gillingham; and, lo! even as members were reading them, Mr. Gladstone, looking as ruddy as if he had been haymaking, entered the House with brisk step, and took his seat on the Front Opposition Bench, his appearance hailed with a loud cheer by his faithful supporters. Most of his colleagues were present, or presently arrived, Sir W. Harcourt being a conspicuous absentee. In his absence Mr. John Morley always sits in the seat of the Leader, probably an indication of the future order of things.

Whilst the benches on both sides were pretty fairly filled, there was a conspicuous gap below the Gangway to the left of the Speaker, where the Irish members usually sit. In the new order of things now strangely established, the Leader of the House had before Whitsuntide entered into a friendly arrangement with the Irish members that business should be so ordered that they need not return to town for at least a week after the Session was resumed. That was a bargain entered into with a pretty assumption on Mr. Smith's part of desire to meet the views of hon. gentlemen opposite. But it was one in the fulfilment of which the Ministry were, for their own purposes, keenly interested. In spite of the strong desire avowed on political grounds to keep the Irish members at Westminster, there is no doubt that the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, having blocks of Supply on hand, would very gladly dispense with their attendance for the early part of the week, whilst Supply was being voted with phenomenal rapidity, only Mr. Biggar and Mr. E. Harrington were present, the former kept in town by his self-imposed duty of watching over the Parnell Commission, the latter just freed from a term of imprisonment.

Other absentees were the Leaders of the Dissident Liberals who sit at the end of the Front Bench. Mr. Chamberlain has been very little in his place through the Session, and was not expected to be studiously punctilious in his reappearance after Whitsuntide. Lord Hartington found counter-attractions at Ascot, whilst Sir Henry James, having been at work through Whitsun week in the Arbitration case, was not disposed to rush into the House of Commons at the earliest possible moment. Thus it came to pass that Mr. Heneage had full enjoyment of the limited space grudgingly allotted to Lord Hartington and his colleagues. On the other side of the House Mr. Chaplin put in an appearance on Monday, but afterwards succumbed to the attraction of Ascot; while Lord Randolph Churchill still made holiday, and, fishing failing in the fjords of Norway, was heard of in Paris.

There were only fifteen questions awaiting the arrival of Ministers, a small number, which surely indicates a period of comparative peace in Parliament. These disposed of, Mr. Smith moved by a gesture the motion standing in his name, which proposed to appropriate for the use of the Government Tuesday evenings for the remainder of the Session. This brought up Mr. Bradlaugh, who gives up to India some of the time meant for Northampton, and who, with characteristic modesty, wanted a special exception made with respect to a motion alleging Indian grievances, which stood in his name for the following Tuesday. By the time Mr. Bradlaugh had made an end of speaking Mr. Gladstone had recovered the presence of mind perturbed by the spectacle of the Leader of the House wantonly wasting an opportunity of making a speech. He asked with an air of grieved surprise whether Mr. Smith really meant to move his motion without offering any remarks? Mr. Smith, blushing in sudden confusion, protested that he was not so guilty as appearances represented him. He had meant to make a speech, but had deferred it till members had submitted the flood of questions which former experience taught him would be forthcoming. However, ever ready to oblige, he proceeded to make his statement.

Foremost in this came the expected announcement of the final withdrawal of the Sugar Convention Bill. Unmindful of the ironical cheers and laughter with which the confession was made, Mr. Smith went through the formula of recantation with all that naïveté which the House of Commons has learned to delight in. "As the Sugar Convention Bill stands for consideration next Thursday, it might," he casually observed, "be as well to say that, looking to the state of public business—" The Opposition knew very well what was coming next, and burst into a shout of laughter. But Mr. Smith showed no sign of consciousness of the emotion created. Waiting till the laughter had subsided, he went on:—"and having regard to the desire of the House generally that the Session shall not be unduly prolonged—" (more laughter and ironical cheering)—"and having also regard to the fact that for all practical purposes the Bill would be as operative next year as if it were passed in the present year—" (another shout of laughter; Mr. Smith looking as grave as if he actually stood by the coffin of the Bill)—"the Government do not think it necessary to press for its consideration in the current Session." Here the cheers and laughter broke out again, and were prolonged for some moments, whilst Baron de Worms, seated at the far end of the Bench, smiled a ghastly smile. But the gifted statesman at the table never varied from his equable matter-of-fact, business-like attitude, and the ribald laughter and cheers of hon. gentlemen opposite passed over him as the idle wind.

The hilarity having subsided, Mr. Smith went forward to his statement, which was received with undisguised satisfaction in all parts of the House. Having once resolved to make a clean shift of the Sugar Convention Bill, the Government had been encouraged to clear the decks in other directions. Their principal object, in which they had the hearty sympathy of all sections, appeared to be to bring about the Prorogation at the earliest possible moment. To that end they would confine their efforts to passing the Scotch Bills (Local Government and Universities), the Irish Drainage and Light Railway Bills, in charge of Mr. Balfour; the Board of Agriculture Bill, and, if possible, the Land Transfer Bill now passing through the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone made haste to express the general satisfaction with this frank and business-like statement, the immediate success of which it is to be hoped will establish it as a model for future Sessions. Last year, and on earlier occasions Mr. Smith, fondly clinging to impossible hopes, had declined finally to abandon clusters of Bills which had no earthly chance of becoming law. The consequence was that members were kept in attendance and on the *qui vive*, deliberately obstructing Bills that might have passed in order to destroy the chances of others which stood in the rear.

This Session, the programme being cut down to practical limits, the House, which is, after all, a business assembly, set itself to work, with the most surprising results. Extraordinary progress was made with the Army Estimates in Supply on Monday, a rate of progress

excelled on the following night, when the Navy Estimates were completely disposed of, and further inroads made on the Army Estimates. This left Thursday clear for the second reading of the University (Scotland) Bill, and to-day (Friday) Supply has again been successfully attacked.

DRESDEN REVISITED

IN this headlong age, a decade and a half is a long period in the life of a city, and when those fifteen years have fallen in an era of prosperity, which has inspired the erection of new public and private buildings, when science has introduced new uses for mechanism and electricity, and industrial art has taken new manufactures to her arms, the change seems great indeed.

When first we visited the capital of Saxony, we arrived, hot and tired, after a dusty journey, in mid-summer, across the monotonous table-land of North Germany. We drove through deserted streets to a dismal suburban inn, now, fortunately, swept away. The Elbe had scarce any water in its bed, and the river steamers had ceased to ply. The streets were ill-paved and disagreeably noisy. Half of the famous collections were closed for repairs, or only opened at heavy charges for an hour or so in each week. The Royal Theatre was untenanted, and in the temporary wooden Opera House, which was used after the conflagration of Semper's first structure in 1869, the performance was so feeble that we cared not to multiply our visits. And the heat was appalling—only tempered by constant and well-nigh terrifying thunderstorms.

Last autumn, all was different. Early in October we steamed down the Elbe. The trees were putting on their variegated autumn livery. The river was full, and a frosty feeling in the air braced us up. The passage through the beautiful defile between Schandau and Pirna was accomplished all too soon; and thence we glided past the waterside suburbs of Dresden, past the river palace of the King at Pillnitz, now abandoned for the season, and up to the quay in the heart of the city, below the Brühl Terrace. We passed beneath a new bridge, the Albertsbrücke, flanked by immense new buildings—barracks, banks, and dwelling-houses—where formerly was a strip of barren ground, sacred to the accumulations of the scavenger or the "chiffonnier"; and on every side, as we looked up from the stream, we saw signs of material progress. Through the heart of the old town, new streets have been made, or are now projected. A large district beyond the Bohemian Railway Station—which previously, from its utter dreariness, we remembered thinking must be the end of all things Saxon—is laid out in building-plots; and the domestic architecture, whatever its internal merits or demerits, is sufficiently pleasing externally to banish over-much regret at the demolition of the ramshackle if picturesque old houses which used to nestle together in the centre of the Altstadt.

We found the English and American colony in Dresden had largely increased. Young ladies being "finished," or English lads "cramming," to their great disgust, the much-despised modern languages for their "exams," met one at every turn; and at the handsome new church, on Sundays, one came upon a crowd of English-speaking men and women, many of whom are residents. These do not amalgamate more readily than of yore with Saxon society, which is, if anything, stiffer to our notions than ever. English people are kindly received at Court, and are welcomed to the various State festivities; but the national and foreign elements never mix thoroughly together, and the general evidence of goodwill is confined to a little formal visiting. The young Count von —, to whom you were introduced at the State ball, will appear later on to pay his respects in panoply of blue and silver—for he is a subaltern in the Royal body-guard, and may be seen, on the night when he is on duty, standing erect as a ramrod throughout the performance in the Opera House, in his official stall below the King's box. He enters your presence and makes his bow, and then, with the lady's permission, retires to the door and divests himself of his busby and sabretache; but stiffness is inseparable from his close-fitting uniform, and, after a few conventional remarks, when he astonishes you by his acquaintance with your language, he takes his leave. You leave a card in return at the gigantic new barracks, above the Neustadt, and, too often—*voilà tout!* In all things the military spirit is paramount, and implicit obedience is exacted in the most peremptory fashion to the most trivial rules—for instance, we were crossing the Marienbrücke from the left to the right bank of the Elbe, in which case, the rule is that you keep to the right, but, as the bridge was empty, we crossed over to view the charming prospect down the river, whereupon there suddenly appeared to us a gendarme, who required us to return to the other side, and, though he was perfectly civil, no expostulation that such rules were intended for regulating traffic, and had no application to solitary individuals, was of any avail, and back we had to go.

The Opera and the various concerts were in full swing. We went many times for a surprisingly small cost to the Hof Theater, as beautiful and convenient a house as there is in Europe—and where will you find grander singers, a finer orchestra, a more appreciative audience? The various museums remained much as we had remembered them, but lapse of years made us consider the Historical Collection in the Neumarkt more interesting, and the heterogeneous Grüne Gewölbe less so than before, while the Old Masters of the Zwinger were more fascinating than ever, and many of the modern paintings in the galleries upstairs gave promise of improvement in contemporary German Art. Tramways had developed greatly, and you can now go to the furthest suburbs for a few pence, and cheap steamers ply constantly to the popular riverside resorts.

We went down one morning to the Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, which had been dismantled on our former visit, during the removal of the porcelain factory to a more commodious but hideous building in the adjacent Trisbischthal. The old castle looks charming from the Elbe, with its irregular spires and turrets, its windows projecting over the precipices, and its time-stained surface; but the interior, all glorious with gold and colours, wax figures, and huge frescoes, will hardly please everybody. There is good Gothic architecture in the small cathedral adjoining, where fine brasses commemorate past rulers of Saxony: the perspective through the lines of columns, with their multiform leaf capitals, is very rich, and a grand effect is produced by the mass of shafts clustered on the giant pillars at the intersection of the transepts.

An improved train-service makes it easy to visit the mining capital of Freiberg, where the once-famous Golden Door has lost its gilding, and the Romanesque Cathedral to which it belonged has given way to a later Gothic building, but the sculpture round this portal well repays one for the journey from Dresden. A twisted-rope moulding surmounts the relief over the door which depicts the Resurrection—a crowd of life-like figures amid which one is conspicuous disentangling himself from his shroud; Scriptural heroes swarm round the jambs or adorn separate columns, and foreshortened forms with giant heads, or animals and foliage are combined in quaint contrast with them, according to mediæval taste. The Protestant princes who preceded Augustus the Strong, the Roman Catholic King of Poland, sleep in a chapel spoiled by over-gilding, and no merit beyond their rich foreign marbles distinguishes their tombs; and a pulpit, shaped like a flower-stalk, recalls the misplaced ingenuity so characteristic of the decadence of Gothic art. A midday train carries us back to the Altstadt, where we may spend a pleasant afternoon reckoning up the changes time has made in the attractive city on the Elbe.

O. M.



THE FAVOURITE GAME OF "TIP-CAT," dear to London boys and perilous to the eyes of the passers-by, has at last been officially prohibited in the public streets.

POPULAR MUSIC IN SEVERAL PUBLIC GARDENS will be provided again this summer by the aid of the Kyrle Society. One Volunteer band has already promised to help, but pecuniary aid is needed to extend the work.

ROYAL DRAMATISTS are becoming serious competitors to professional authors. Thus the King of Sweden's one-act historical play, *Castle Cronberg*, is to be produced next season in six different cities—Stuttgart, Aix-la-Chapelle, Halle, Nuremberg, Breslau, and Königsberg.

THE QUEEN'S WARM WELCOME AT SAN SEBASTIAN during her stay at Biarritz this spring so pleased the Royal party that Her Majesty is sending the town a handsome Minton vase as a souvenir of the visit. The vase is of Oriental form, decorated with tropical flowers on a deep turquoise ground.

WOMEN DOCTORS IN THE UNITED STATES muster 9,000—about one to thirty-three practitioners of the sterner sex. Many female medicos earn over 5,000*l.* yearly, and very few make less than 200*l.* They are mostly spread over New York State, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, with a few in the Far West, but they cannot obtain a footing in the Conservative South.

THE LATE KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA'S wonderful castles seem to have fallen on evil days with the death of their eccentric master. Two favourite shooting-lodges, Schachen and Falkenstein, have been turned into hotels; Schwanstein, the King's last hobby, is only half built; and Herren-Chiemsee, which is modelled on Versailles, is tumbling to pieces, and the famous fountains are all out of order.

THE TENNYSON ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, which we mentioned last week, were sold for somewhat high prices. The "Dedication" to the Queen, containing two unpublished verses, but omitting one in the accepted form, and written on two sheets of note-paper, brought 30*l.*, while the "Brook" sold for 51*l.* A portion of "Maud" was the most interesting lot, being covered with alterations and obliterations, including many lines which do not appear in the published version. This MS. realised 111*l.*, and was written partly on the back sheets of old letters and partly on thin blue paper.

A COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL OF THE SAMOAN CONFERENCE has been struck at Berlin, for presentation to the members. The obverse displays a portrait of Emperor William II., with his titles, and on the reverse is an ingenious arabesque composed of the coats-of-arms of the three countries involved in the Conference, and surmounted by a tiny banner with the Berlin "bear." The inscription "Samoa Conference, Berlin, 1889, the United States of North America, Germany, and England" runs round the medal, the names of the members filling in the spaces. The Emperor retains one specimen of the medal, of solid gold (like those given to the members), and there are also copies in silver.

A SWEEPING REFORM IN RAILWAY FARES is to be tried in Hungary. The tariff will be divided into three classes, one uniform charge for a short distance—up to a certain number of miles—a second for medium distances, and a third for long journeys. The promoters argue that the fares will thus prove much more lucrative, after the model of the uniform postal charge. Another railway innovation in the Dual Empire is the establishment of lending railway libraries, begun this week in forty Austrian stations. Books in German, French, English, Italian, Bohemian, and Hungarian can be borrowed at one station for from twopence to fourpence per week, and returned at any other station which possesses a similar library. If successful, the scheme will be extended to some 200 stations.

ANOTHER FAMOUS CENTENARY IN FRENCH HISTORY has been kept this week by our neighbours across the Channel—the 100th anniversary of the "Oath of the Tennis-Court" at Versailles. On June 20th, 1789, the deputies of the *Tiers-Etat*, opposed by Louis XVI. and his advisers, and unable to assemble in their ordinary meeting-place, gathered in the Tennis-Court, and swore not to disperse until they had given a Constitution to France—an oath which resulted in the formation of the National Assembly. The Tennis-Court is little altered from that time, but remains a long simple building with a wooden ceiling, tiny windows, and a gallery at one end. The Court was unused till 1880, when it was fitted up as a "Museum of the Revolution," with busts and relics of the prominent portraits of the Revolutionary period, the names of 2,000 lesser Republican lights being inscribed round the walls.

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY being due for representation next year, the Bavarian village is very busy preparing for its decennial festivities. Last time—in 1880—there was great difficulty in finding funds, but this year plenty of money is forthcoming. It is to be hoped that the Play will not lose its pristine simplicity, for the representation is to be arranged on a more elaborate scale under the direction of a Munich theatrical manager, while there will be fresh costumes, a larger orchestra, and improvements in the auditorium. The Play will be acted on Sundays and holidays, and on extra days, if there is an overflow of visitors. Meanwhile a Tyrolean Passion-Play is given yearly at Brixlegg, and has just begun for the summer. It is a curious mixture of ancient and modern, for the stage is illuminated by the electric light. At Brixlegg a new method is adopted of supporting the impersonator of Christ on the cross, so as to spare him much of the inevitable pain and exhaustion. Probably this mode will be introduced at Ober-Ammergau.

"CLOVER-SEEKING PARTIES" AND "LEMON PARTIES" are the fashionable amusement for young people across the Atlantic. For the first entertainment, the couples pair off and adjourn to some neighbouring park or meadows where they hunt diligently for a four-leaved clover, which is a sign of future union and prosperity, and entitles the finder to kiss his fair companion. For the Lemon party, each guest is expected to bring a lemon, and is received by the hostess in a room entirely decorated with the delicate golden hue—silk tablecloth, fairy lamp shades, china, and flowers alike. A "Squeezing Committee" cuts each lemon in half, counts the pips, and puts them into a glass bowl. The company are then invited to guess how many seeds are collected, and the guesser nearest the number receives the prize of a lemonade bowl, while the one who is furthest from the mark—ignominiously called the booby—is presented with a pair of lemon-squeezers. Prizes are also awarded to the owners of lemons with the largest and the fewest number of pips. Finally the lemons are made into punch, and refreshments are served flavoured with lemon in some shape or other, the guests taking away a bundle of lemon roses, tied with satin bows of the same tint.

LONDON MORTALITY increased and decreased during the past two weeks, and 1,306 and 1,247 deaths have been registered, against 1,267 during the previous seven days, being 160 and 180 below the average, and at the rate of 15.7 and 15 per 1,000. There were 2,523 and 2,396 births registered, against 2,402, being respectively 155 and 288 below the average.

ON the evening of May 4th a person presenting the card of Mr. P. O. Sullivan, a dealer in ice, called upon Dr. Philip Henry Cronin, of 470, North Clark Street, Chicago, requesting him to come and attend one of Mr. Sullivan's *employés*, who had met with an accident. The doctor started at once, and was never again seen alive. Next day, a trunk stained with blood was found in Lake View. A few days afterwards one Woodruff was arrested on a charge of horse-stealing, and he stated that on the night of May 4th he had been hired to bring a horse and trap for the purpose of fetching a trunk out of Chicago, that this trunk contained the body of a woman, and that Dr. Cronin was present when the body was taken away. This story appeared to be corroborated elsewhere, for it was confidently reported that Dr. Cronin had been seen in Toronto, and the name was given of the woman whose body was alleged to have been carried off, and who, it was asserted, fell a victim to an unlawful operation which had been performed on her. At the same time other persons asserted that Dr. Cronin was not a murderer but a victim, that he had evidently been lured away from his house under false pretences, that for some time past he had anticipated assassination, because, as a prominent member of the treasonable (treasonable, that is, from the point of view of the British Government) association called the Clan-na-Gael, he had ventured to comment strongly on the malversation of its funds by certain of the members. These conflicting theories were set at rest by a ghastly discovery on May 22nd. Some ditch-cleaners, whose suspicions were aroused by a putrefying odour, prised off the top of a catch-

basin in Arlington Park, Lake View, and then found the body of Dr. Cronin quite naked, except for a scapular and an *Agnus Dei* round the neck. There were several severe wounds on the head, and he had evidently been murdered. Two days later, the police discovered a cottage on Lake View where the murder had been committed. Smears of blood were found in several places, and a key fitting the mysterious trunk which was found by the roadside. Rent had been paid for this cottage for some time, but it had, apparently, never been occupied until the night of the murder, when it was used simply for the execution of that dreadful deed, and then again deserted. This crime has attracted extreme interest throughout the United States, not merely because of the sensational series of incidents by which it has been accompanied but because it is felt that unless it can be clearly shown that Dr. Cronin was not murdered from motives of partisan vengeance, but from some purely private cause, a stigma will rest both on the Clann-Gael organisation, and on the Irish-American element generally. Already several prominent politicians have been arrested on suspicion and held to bail. Among them are Alexander Sullivan, P. O. Sullivan, John Moroney (said to be identified with one of the London dynamite conspirators), and Charles M'Donnell. These two latter persons have since been discharged from custody, on the ground that the evidence against them is insufficient. Daniel Coughlin, although a man of a less-educated type, possesses a special interest because he was employed as a detective to ferret out the circumstances of Dr. Cronin's murder, and then was himself arrested, because it was alleged that he was instrumental in hiring the horse and buggy which were employed to carry the trunk from Mrs. Carlsen's cottage on the night of May 4th.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Henry Savage Landor.

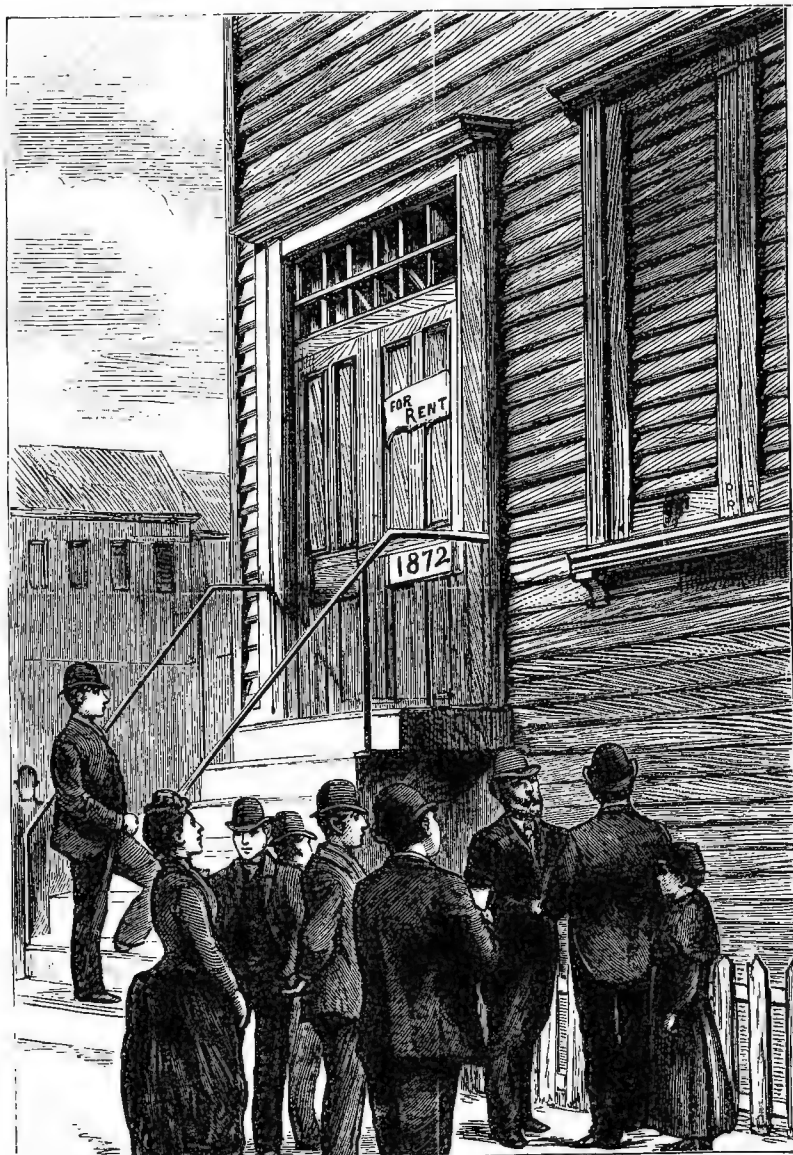
THE GRAND DUKE PAUL OF RUSSIA AND HIS BRIDE

THE Grand Duke Paul Alexandrowitch, the Czar's youngest brother, who has just been married to the Princess Alexandra,

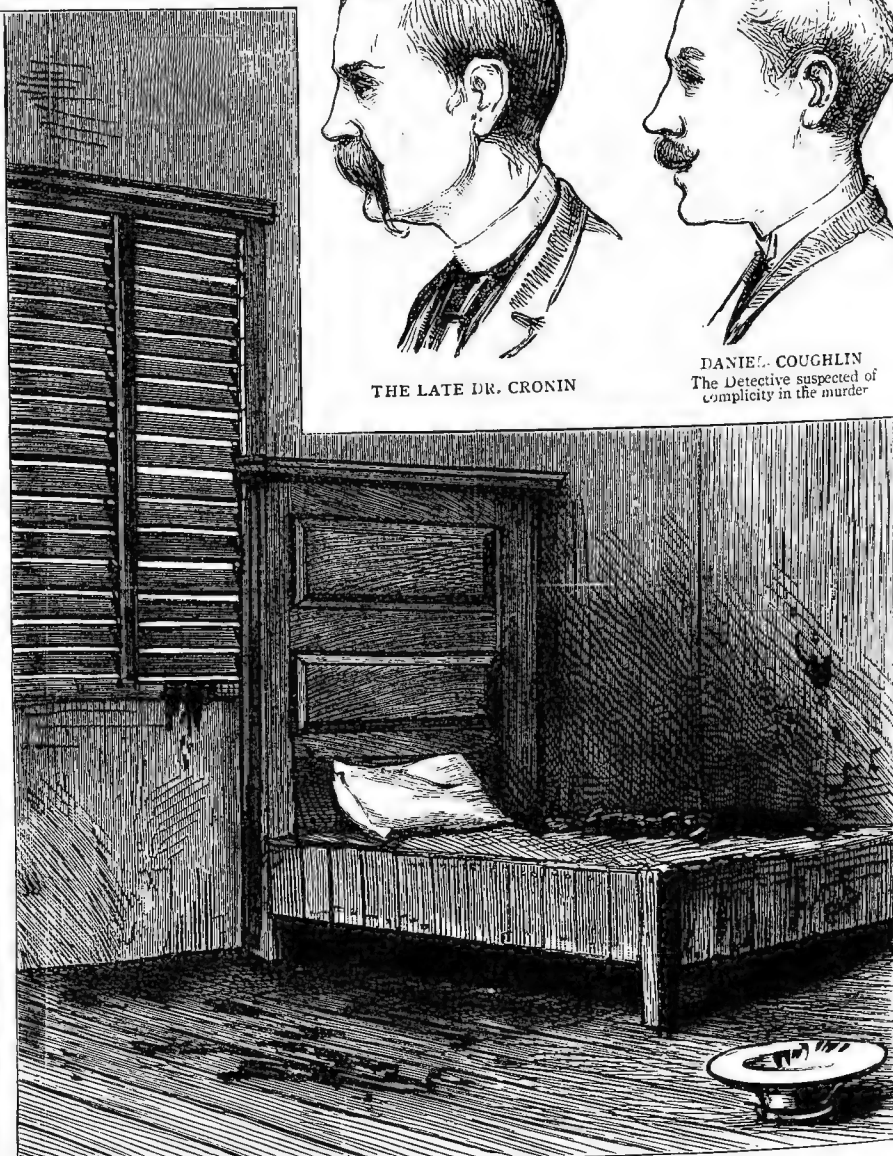


THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT ST. PETERSBURG
The Grand Duke Paul of Russia, Brother of the Czar, and the Princess Alexandra of Greece, daughter of the King of Greece

the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Greece, is twenty-eight years of age having been born on October 3, 1860. He is stated to have been somewhat of an invalid, and has held no office of State, though, like all foreign Princes, he holds a command in the Army, being Captain in the Hussars of the Guards, chief of two other regiments, and an Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor. He also holds honorary commands in a Prussian and an Austrian regiment. He has frequently spent his winters in Athens, where he has always been a great favourite with the Royal Family, and, in November last, was betrothed to his cousin, who is just ten years his junior, having been born on August 30th, 1870. The Princess made her formal entry into St. Petersburg on Saturday, being received with great ceremony, and landing amid salutes from the fortresses and the vessels in the Neva. The Princess sat beside the Empress in a State carriage—the Czar riding on one side, and the Grand Duke Paul on the other, the King of Greece riding by the side of the Czar. The procession wended its way to Kazan Cathedral, where a short service was held, and the Metropolitan Isidore bestowed his benediction on the affianced couple. The Royal party then went to the Winter Palace, where there was a grand banquet in the evening. Next day, the marriage ceremony took place in the chapel of the Palace. The bride entered on the arm of her future husband, and wore a rich, heavy mantle of purple velvet, trimmed with ermine, and supported by four chamberlains, and a diamond crown with a wreath of orange blossoms. The Grand Duke wore his Hussar's uniform. The service was conducted by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg and Novgorod. The two marriage crowns were held high over the heads of the bride and bridegroom alternately by most of the Grand Dukes, beginning with the Czar and the Duke of Sparta, and the fortress guns fired a deafening salute when the rings were put on. In the evening the bridal couple were present at a banquet and a State ball, and subsequently were escorted in a grand procession to their home—a palace on the English Quay.—Our portraits are from photographs.



THE HOUSE WHERE THE MURDER TOOK PLACE



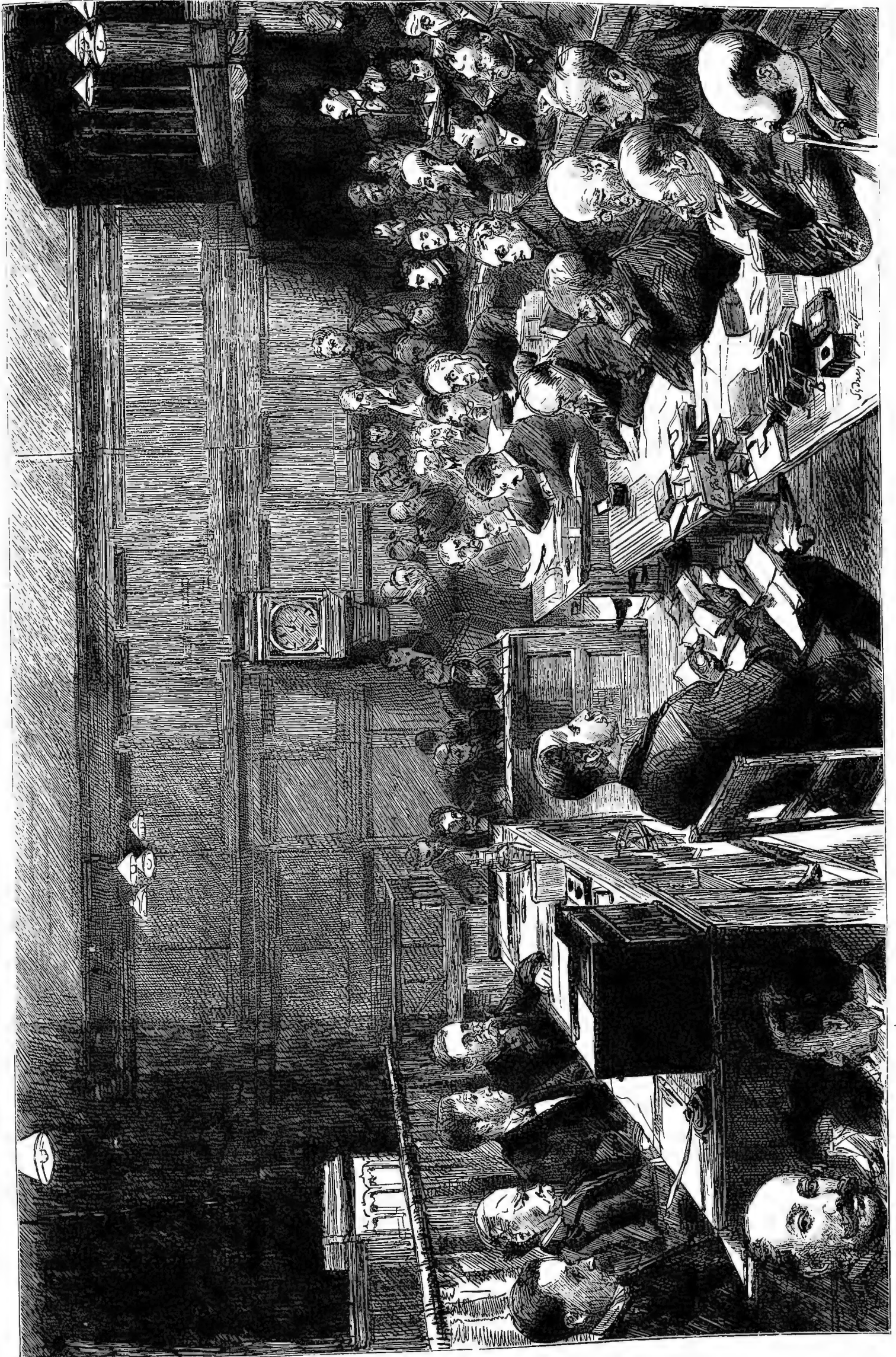
THE ROOM WHERE THE MURDER TOOK PLACE



THE LATE DR. CRONIN



DANIEL COUGHLIN
The Detective suspected of complicity in the murder



THE GREAT TURF SCANDAL
SCENE IN COURT DURING THE HEARING OF THE ARBITRATION IN THE CHETWYND-DURHAM CASE

SEE KEY, PAGE 682

THE HISTORY OF HUMAN DWELLINGS AT
THE PARIS EXHIBITION

I.

IT was a happy idea of M. Charles Garnier to represent, in a collective form, the whole history of Human Habitations. The advance in the world's civilisation can hardly be better shown than by this marvellous collection of dwellings of all ages and all nations, ranging from the caves of the troglodytes through successive epochs to the mediæval period, when house architecture may be said to have attained its most picturesque style. Our illustrations in this and subsequent issues will show some of the most striking examples that M Garnier has erected in his Street of Habitations in the Paris Exhibition. First, we have the representation of a lacustrine or lake-dweller's village, traces of which are still found in the Swiss lakes, and which belong to the prehistoric polished stone and the beginning of the bronze period. These are, presumably, the first real habitations built by human hand. They were erected



LACUSTRINE VILLAGE (POLISHED STONE AGE)

on piles, and were made of straw and branches interlaced. A narrow gangway formed a passage to the shore for the inhabitants, who were then almost completely secure from the attack of wild beasts, to which they must have been so subject when mere caves formed their home. The dwelling on the extreme right is an enlarged reproduction of a baked-earth model of a Lake dwelling-house, found in the Lake of Albano.

The next two illustrations show an immeasurable advance in domestic architecture, though dating from 1,400 to 300 years before the Christian era. First we have an Egyptian house of the time of the great Sesostris, or Rameses II. At that period the poorer classes lived in mere wooden huts, but the richer folk built themselves houses of sun-dried bricks, with a large interior court, and frequently surrounded by a garden and ornamental water. Close by is an Assyrian house some 700 years later. Originally the Assyrians, being a nomad people, dwelt in tents, and at the period of which we are writing this was, undoubtedly, the case with a large portion of the country population. The towns, however, were formed of brick houses after the type we have depicted. The same might be said of the Jews in a great measure—though their nomad life came to an end when, after their wanderings in the Wilderness, they settled down in Palestine. The houses were constructed in stone or sun-dried brick, and in palm and olive woods—though always of a striking simplicity—reaching their best period in the reigns of David and Solomon, to which epoch, 1,000 years B.C., the

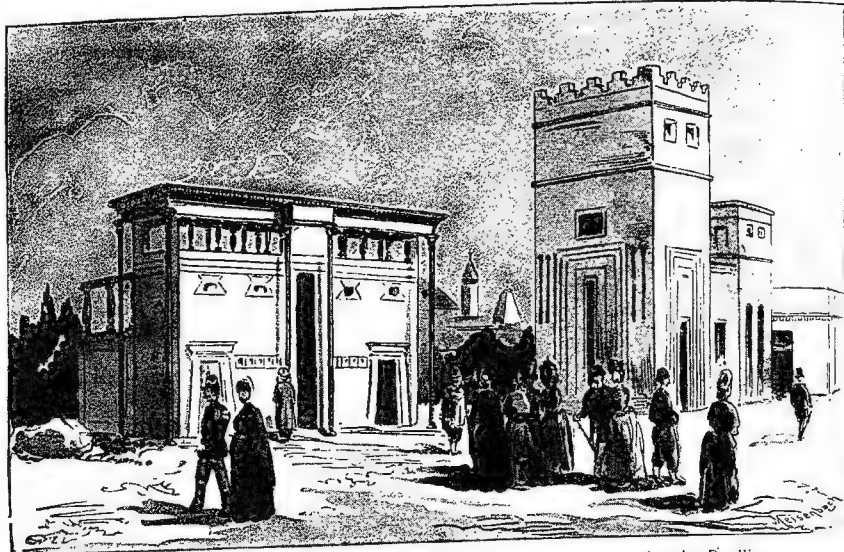
RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A PATHETIC interest will attach itself to Sir Edwin Arnold's "In My Lady's Praise" (Trübner). The contents of the volume are further defined on the title-page as "Poems, old and new, written to the honour of Fanny, Lady Arnold, and now collected for her memory." The main body of the work is entitled "A Casket of Gems," and the stones, of which the letters in the names Fanny, Maria, Adelaide form the several initials, supply each the ground-thought together with Love of a separate poem, richly weighted, too, with imagery drawn from the Oriental lore of the distinguished poet. A touching allusion to the last words of Lady Arnold occurs in the beautiful opening lament, which begins—

I saw my lady die.

The sixth verse runs :—

In robes of unseen light,
Her willing soul spread wing ; and, while she passed,
" Darling ! Good-bye ! " we moaned—but she, at last,
Murmured " No !—but Good Night ! "



Egyptian House of the Time of
Sesostris (1400 B.C.)

Assyrian Dwe'lling (700 Years B.C.)

After "A Casket of Gems" come poems written years ago, and suggested by the more ordinary occurrences in the life, closed with some verses composed "In the Death Chamber," and a sonnet finely informed by the thought contained in the Latin—*Sic sine vitâ vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori*. We may quote in conclusion the last verse from "In Absence," written in 1872, and found among Lady Arnold's papers:—

Then hear it, wife !—This midnight
My spirit speaks to you
That word of changeless meaning
By solitude made true :
For sweet ! if planets parted us
Instead of leagues twice ten,
As I who write love you to-night,
So should I love you, then.

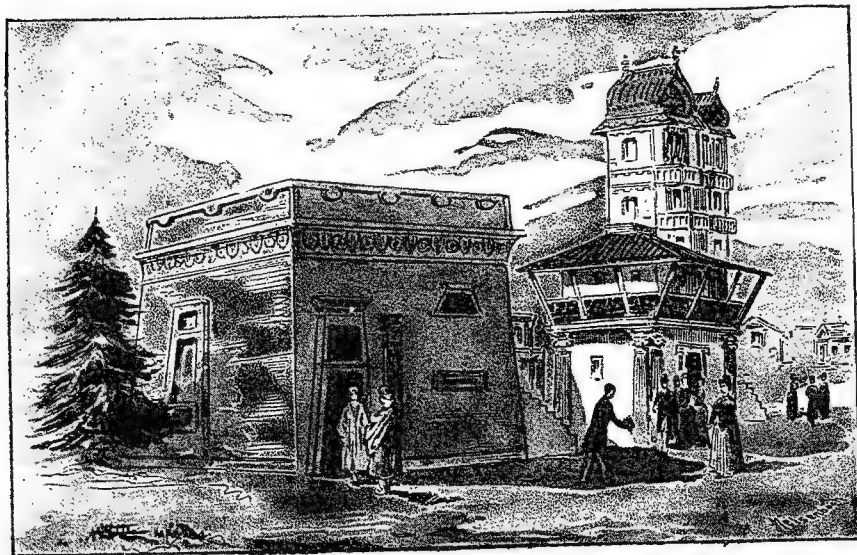
Admirers of Sir Edwin Arnold's imaginative and poetical gifts will not be willing to remain without the volume in which is enshrined the thoughts which have come of the breaking up of a domestic alliance, to all seeming of idyllic happiness.

Messrs. Trübner also publish a fresh book of poems, "Flowers of the Night," from the pen of Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer. Although the pieces here collected are various in theme and subject they have all one point in common, and, as the authoress informs us, have all taken shape in sleepless hours of the night of which they have relieved the suffering. The last of the original poems, "The Hymn

Barrow, Bart. It is a work which will be appreciated by persons of the author's faith. There are passages which might draw a smile from Agnostics, but those who share the writer's creed will probably enjoy his musical setting of sacred myths.



* MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A full anthem for Whitsuntide or general use, for four voices, music by Edward G. Croager, words from Holy Writ, is "Ye Are Sorrowful." This simple and well-written anthem is suitable for small choirs; there being no solos, often an advantage in ordinary Church choirs, will make this work the more useful.—Novello's "Tonic Sol Fa Series" continues



Jewish Dwelling
(1,000 Years B.C.)

**Etruscan Dwelling
(1,000 Years B.C.)**

house illustrated belongs. To the same period belongs the Etruscan house, which is of quite a different character, with its covered balcony and the startling colours of its interior and exterior decoration, a baked-earth plate by the entrance indicating the name of the householder—a touch of civilisation quite in accord with the characteristics of those curious people who dominated Italy before the foundation of Rome. In conjunction with the Etruscan house is a Hindoo dwelling of a far more ornate, if not to Western minds of a more tasteful, character. The Persian House (500 years B.C.) shows symptoms of considerable architectural and decorative style; and, indeed, is much of the same type as many comparatively modern buildings of the denizens of the land of the Lion and the Sun. The house in question is surmounted by a dome of glazed bricks, under which are the men's quarters, the harem or women's apartments being situated in the lower portion of the building, which is pierced by narrow loopholes, out of which the inmates can see without being seen. Next come, though of a far later period, the dwellings of the ancient Gaul, a century before the birth of Christ, and of the old German, who shared with the Gaul the domination of Northern Europe. This last dates in the first century of the Christian era. Both dwellings are rudely constructed of wood, and almost carry back the mind to the Lacustrine era.

of Praise to Death," forms scarcely an exception, as it "came in early dawn." Insomnia possibly may tend to make its victim feel more partially disposed than less afflicted mortals would be to the phantom with the scythe. Hence we can understand how that the fear of which makes a very real bondage is addressed by Mrs. Pfeiffer as "Angel of Peace" and why she should say:—

Take when thou wilt from my singing lips the breath,
I laud thee, because I love thee, beautiful Death!

One of the best and weirdest poems in "Flowers of the Night," as might be imagined from the conditions precedent to composition, is "The Witch's Last Ride." The selfish lament of the hag for the nights of mischief and her waning powers is well fancied, and thus she recalls her more robust past :—

Awhile ago the wind might blow,—
My veins would prick delighted ;
Now, now I grab at weathercocks,—
So dizzy and affrighted.

There is plenty of swing and movement in "Flowers of the Night," at intervals it has much of Mr. Swinburne's alliterativeness and all of his vagueness, and it is neither unreadable, unmelodious, nor uninteresting.

From Messrs. Burns and Oates we have the second part of "Mary of Nazareth," a legendary poem, in three parts, by Sir John Croker



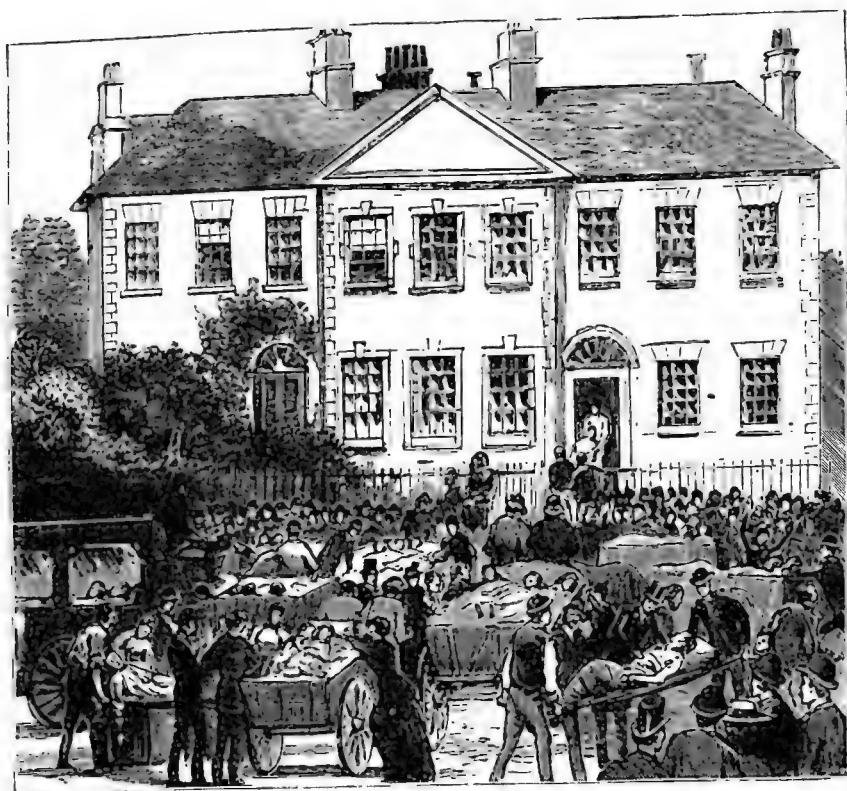
Persian House
(500 Years B.C.)

Germanic Dwelling
(1st Century A.D.)

Gaul Dwelling
(100 Years B.C.)

Bell Series of Organ Pieces" are: the one "Allegro," from fourth Concerto for the organ or harpsichord, by T. S. Dupuis, Mus. Doc. (born 1733—died 1796), who was one of the leading players of his time; this abbreviated arrangement is by Walter Spinney; the other, "State March in C," by Walter Spinney, a showy composition for a secular performance.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—There is much originality in a beautiful song, "The Children's Pilgrimage," the graceful poetry by Cecil Lorraine, the music by Jacques Blumenthal; a long and successful career may be anticipated for this song, which is published in three keys.—"Magyar Song," English words adapted from the Hungarian of G. Vörösmarty by Marion Chappell, music by Felix Semon, is quaint and pleasing, quite out of the common groove of everyday ballads.—A song which has already won public favour is "Douglas Gordon," a tragic tale of blighted love, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Lawrence Kellie.—A dainty little song of medium compass is "La Marguerite," arranged from an old French ballad by "A. L."—A very tender poem by A. C. Swinburne is "Rococo." Mrs. F. Bruning Maddison has set it to appropriate music; this ultra-sentimental love-ditty is published in three keys.—"Memories Waltzes," by Caroline Lowthian, are quite up to the mark of this specialist in dance-music, which is always excellent from her pen.



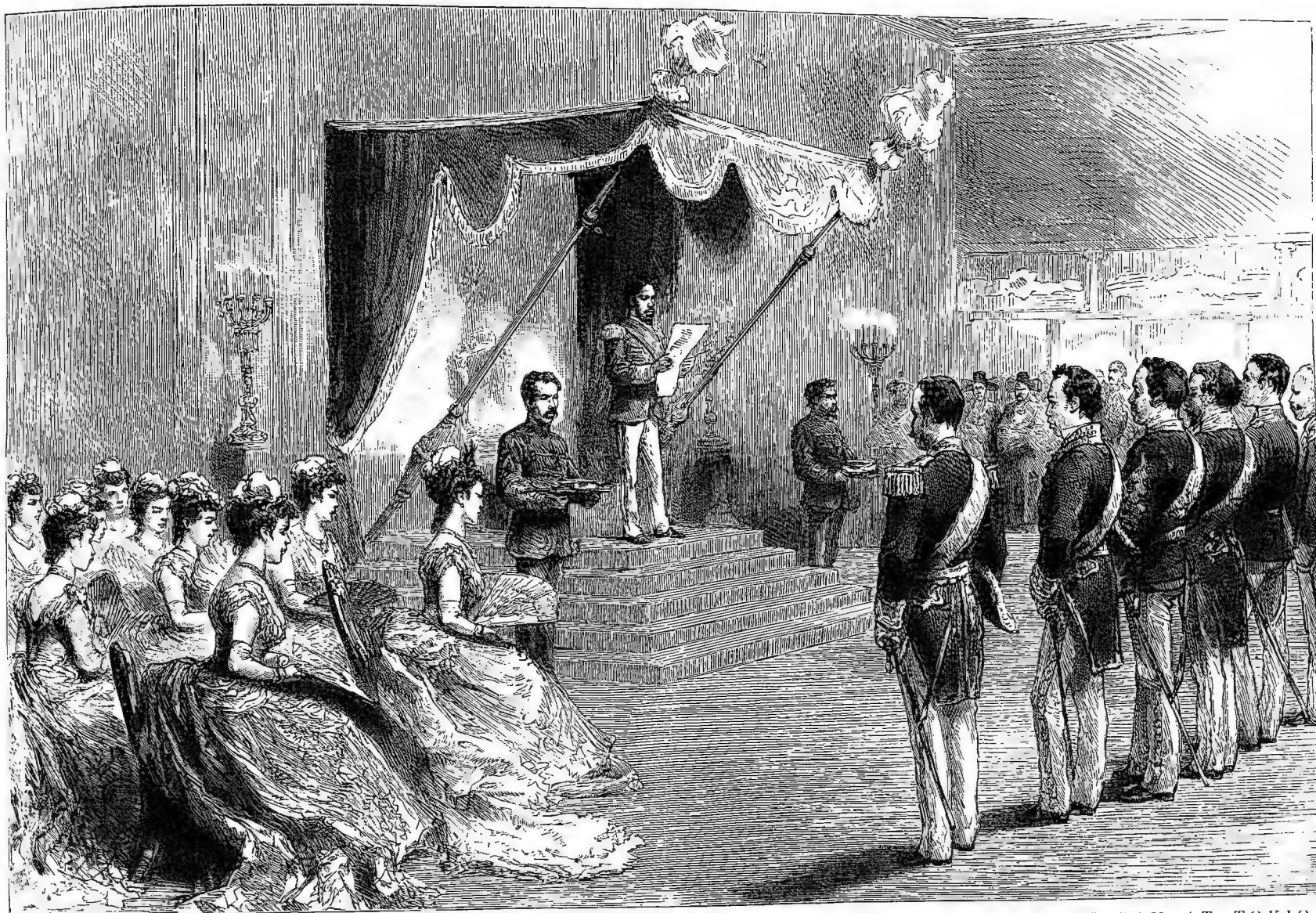
TAKING THE WOUNDED AND DYING TO THE INFIRMARY



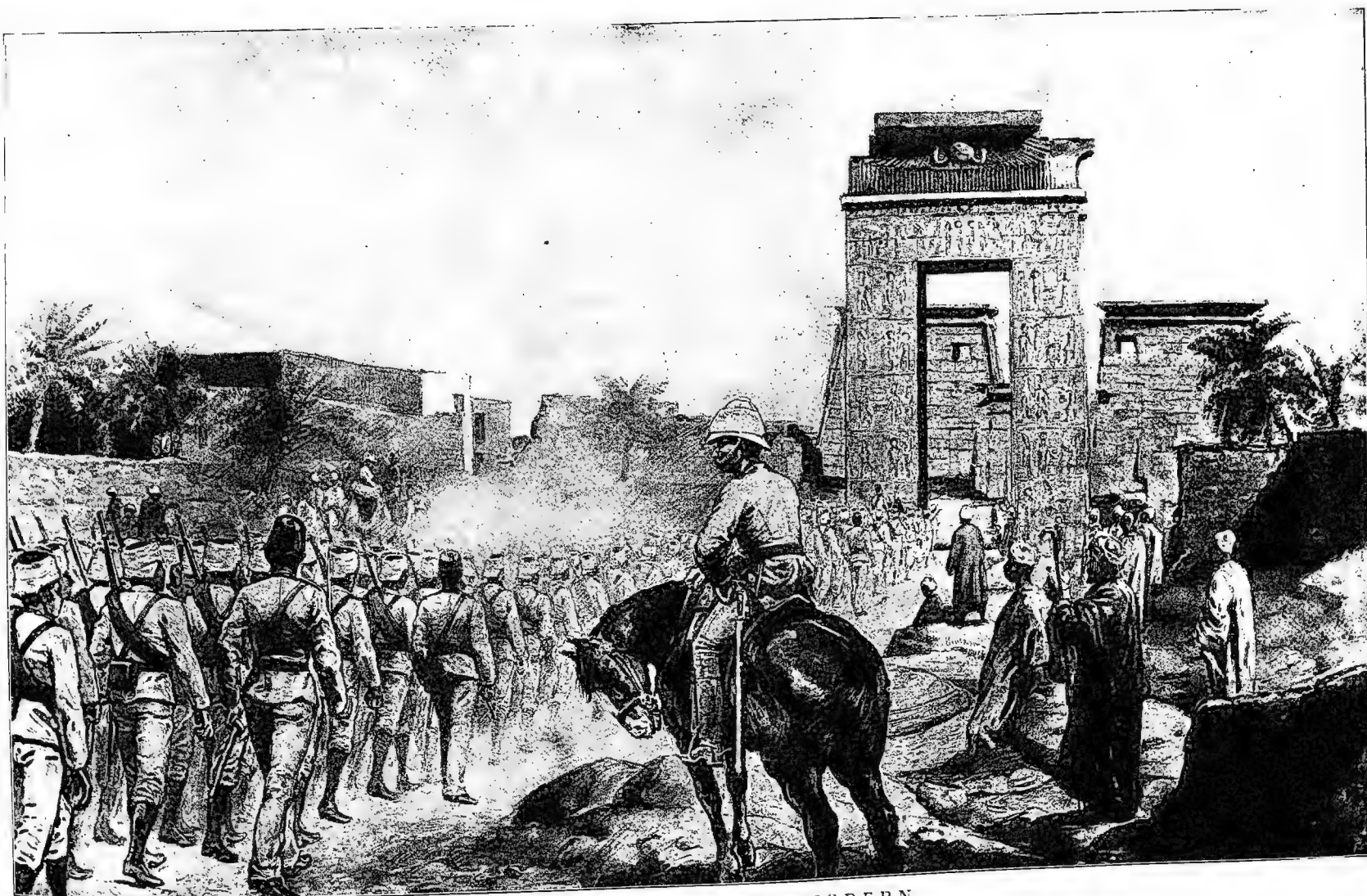
THE FUNERAL OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS IN ST. MARK'S CHURCHYARD
Soldiers in the foreground digging graves



THE SCENE JUST AFTER THE ACCIDENT, SHOWING THE SIDE OF THE EMBANKMENT WHERE MOST OF THE BODIES WERE FOUND
THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER AT ARMAGH, IRELAND



PROMULGATION OF THE NEW JAPANESE CONSTITUTION BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN AT TOKIO



EGYPT ANCIENT AND MODERN
A SOUDANESE REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH THE TEMPLES OF KARNAK ON THE NILE

NEW NOVELS

Of course it is a surmise only, and judgment from internal evidence requires the help of knowledge almost as much as prophecy; but we cannot help thinking that the joint authorship of "A Social Heretic," by J. Ashworth Taylor and U. Ashworth Taylor (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is divided to a considerable extent between narrative and dialogue, one author being mainly answerable for the former, and the other for the latter. They somehow fail to suit one another; and, if there be anything in our surmise, the collaborateurs would find it to their advantage either to dissolve partnership or else to take to one of the many other methods of working together. Of the two portions, as they stand together, the dialogue is decidedly the better, though there is no lack of cleverness in either; and so far that is to the benefit of the novel, seeing that what its characters say is of very much more importance than what they do. Moreover, their doings are more than sufficiently painful. They are social outlaws rather than heretics, for one of them, the heroine, had no quarrel with the world, and would willingly have kept her good name had it not been wrested from her through no fault of hers and against her will; and the male heretic is outside society as the result of temperament rather than of opinion, and wears of the position. These two persons, and others, go through a variety of experiences, chiefly conversational, and enter upon matrimonial experiments which are mostly failures, including the inevitable touch of the "Ironmaster," without which it seems impossible for a novel to dispense at present. But, painful as the story is, and though hovering about rather dangerous ground, it is entirely harmless and wholesome. Mr. B. L. Farjeon calls "Doctor Glennie's Daughter" (1 vol.: Hurst and Blackett) "a story of real life," which we suppose is a

piece of that popular author's fun. It would have been better had he spread his humour over the novel, instead of crowding it into the title-page. The story is of that old-fashioned, elementary, sentimental sort which convinces nobody, and, even if real, conveys no sense of reality. Sympathy is out of the question with either of the leading characters, Dr. Glennie or his daughter, who, without any apparent consciousness on the author's part that they are doing anything wrong, are parties to a peculiarly disgraceful imposition. We should say that the novel was written in a hurry, and without much previous idea of what it was going to be about; and in that case, as is well-known, *dramatis personæ* have an awkward knack of bolting. Despite its absence of humour, however, its very simplification is such as almost to make it amusing; and it at any rate has the merit of being exceedingly quick and easy reading. Mrs. Edward Kennard, in "Landing a Prize" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), takes her readers salmon-fishing in Norway, and incidentally gives them a good deal of information concerning tying flies, and about tackle generally. Her hero, whom she never leaves for a moment, is a simple, good-hearted young fellow who, after escaping from a too-serious flirtation with a married woman, "lands a prize" in the person of a charming daughter of the Vikings. People who like reading about salmon will enjoy at least half of Mrs. Kennard's story, and those who enjoy sketches of flirtation will enjoy the other—the novel is not only eminently readable, but will skipable, which is also a merit in the case of fiction generally. Mrs. Kennard does not think much of men, in which she is probably right; and she adopts the current convention that women have a monopoly of fine feelings—a theory which is rather more doubtful. And sometimes she makes one speculate as to what the salmon would say if they had the writing of novels. On the whole, however, her story may be commended to tyros whether in

the affairs of the fjord or in those of the world; or to those who, having long ago left their apprenticeship, wish to renew the sensation of a first love, and of a first salmon.

"Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," by Edna Lyall (1 vol.: Methuen and Co.), has a double purpose—one is to give a portrait of true heroism, which knows how to subordinate the whole of a man's self and life to the nearest duty as a matter of course, and with no sustaining consciousness of martyrdom; the other is to refute any idea that the calling of the novelist, even if inspired by genius, is either an easy or a pleasant one. And perhaps these few pages include a further object still, namely, to identify genius with the resolution which is only spurred by apparently insurmountable difficulties. The story is not of much account, but it has the interest of sympathetic portraiture, and, if it has the effect of frightening one unqualified person from the paths of fiction, and gives him, or her, a higher view of fiction as an art, and a lower view of it in relation to real life, "Derrick Vaughan" will have done an exceptional amount of good in its generation.

There is nothing to recommend Florence Marryat's "On Circumstantial Evidence" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) to any class of readers with which we are acquainted; though of course it would be rash to assume that there may not be a congenial circle somewhere. It is, of course, unnecessary to remind even the most faithful admirers of Florence Marryat that she does not, apparently at least, take the high view of the responsibilities of authorship claimed by Edna Lyall for Derrick Vaughan. But a little superficial observation is required even from a lady-novelist; and to say that her ladies and gentlemen would be considered cads even in a kitchen would be insulting cooks and scullery-maids. Of the general tone of the novel the less said the better—its want of interest makes comment on that score superfluous.

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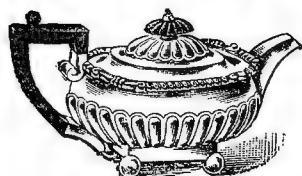
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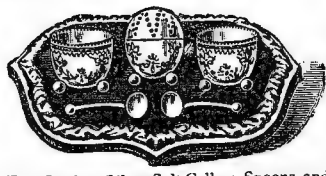
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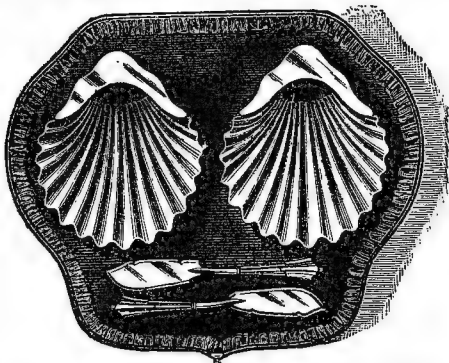
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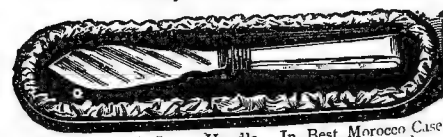
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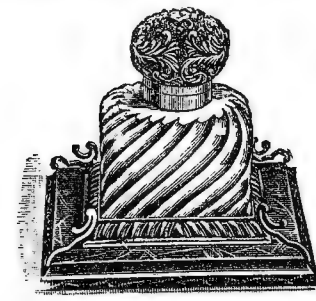
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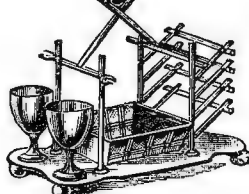
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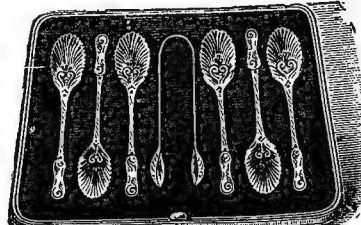
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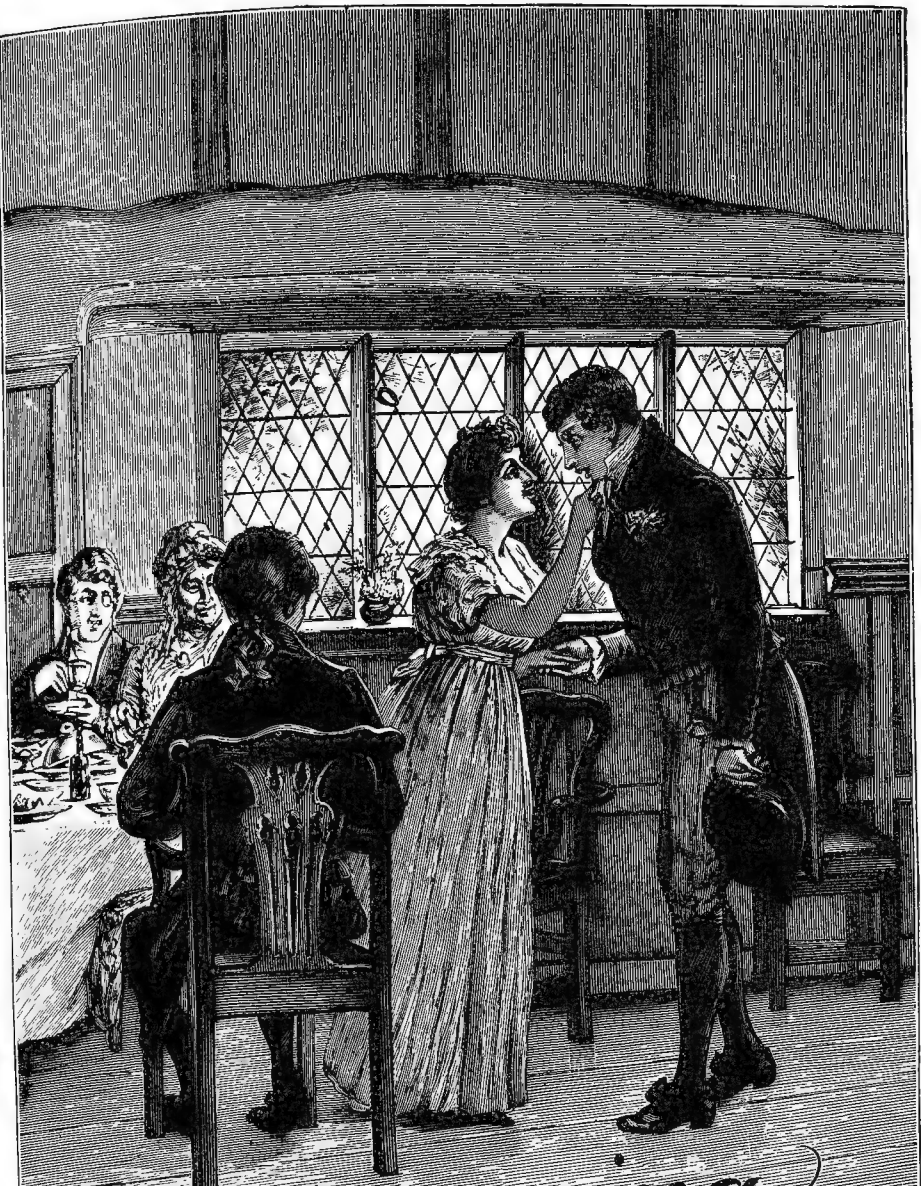


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WHEN somebody (was it not Mr. Gladstone?) said no one could write a satisfactory history, Mr. S. R. Gardiner had not yet written. In his "History of the Great Civil War, 1642-9" (Longmans), he is at least as fair as Hallam, while he is as truly picturesque as Mr. Froude, though without his garish patches of word-painting. In his former volume Mr. Gardiner, to the satisfaction of all truth-lovers, finally settled the question (as far as man can settle it) about the so-called "massacre of 1641." In this volume he equally serves the cause of truth by showing that the "New Model" was not all made up of volunteer saints, but partly of men of no religion, and even of forced recruits. It is well, too, to be reminded that at Naseby, of which Cromwell, in his usual style, says "God would there by things that are not, bring to naught things that are," the "things that are not," i.e., the Parliamentary forces, were very nearly double "the things that are," the disparity being further increased by the shameful behaviour of Charles's half-mutinous Northern horse. Charles's foot, all raw Welsh levies, alone sustained the honour of the day; and would have changed its fate had the vacillating King really charged at their head, instead of only talking about it. It is well, too, to note the anti-Irish and anti-Popish hatred which so often urged the "saints" to gratuitous cruelty; and which, transmitted to their descendants, helps to account for present Irish troubles. After Naseby, the captured Englishwomen were merely gashed in the face; "about a hundred, being of Irish birth, with cruel countenances, were knocked on the head without mercy." The same after Philiphaugh; "Montrose's wild clansmen had contented themselves with taking vengeance on men. The disciplined soldiers of the Covenant slaughtered with hideous barbarity not only their male captives, but three hundred Irish women, the wives of their slain or captured enemies, together with their infant children." Basing House gave such a signal proof of "the ferocity of Cromwell's all-controlling genius," because the Marquis of Winchester was a Catholic and the place "a nest of Romanists." Besides its general interest, which is of course great, this volume has a special interest for the military reader, who cannot but be struck with the little account taken of infantry, not only as compared with its value nowadays, but even with what use was made of it by commanders like Parma. In this respect the tactics of our Civil War were distinctly retrograde.

In close on 500 pp. Mr. J. Burnley, author of "The Romance of Invention," &c., details "The History of Wool and Woolcombing" (Sampson and Low). The story is enlivened with biographical sketches, e.g., of Heilmann, the inventor of the French, as Lister and Donisthorpe are of the English, woolcombing machine. There is also an account of the last great Bishop Blaize festival at Bradford (1825). In 1832 Blaize, "having been buried" by the machines, was "solemnly buried;" and "woolcomber" thenceforth was used not for a kind of workman but for an employer. The book is full of diagrams; but even an engineer can learn very little from the diagram of a very complex machine. One of the most interesting facts is the way in which the "burr" that so long vitiated the River Plate wool was got rid of in 1880 by M. Harmel's patent roller. This invention, coupled with the fact that the Plate pastures will carry two sheep to the acre, i.e., about double the weight of stock that Australian land will bear, leads Mr. Burnley

to predict a great future for the Argentine Republic. Wool is not yet used half as much as it might be; we use 15s. worth a head per year; the Belgians the same; the French 16s.; the Russians only 6s. worth. In the States the consumption is 19s. a head, but this is accounted for by the tariff. Mr. Burnley is weakest in early history. He wisely admits that no one can say whether Flemings came in before the inundation in Henry I.'s day forced some to emigrate; but surely, when he speaks, on Dionysius of Alexandria's authority, of British fine woollens, he might have said a word about the Gaelic (Scotch and Irish) frieze. That he should mention the ruin of Irish woollens, completed by William III., was scarcely to be expected from one who does not even mention the other Bradford.

With German thoroughness, Professor Carl Justi's "Diego Velazquez and His Times" (Gravel) combines a delicate appreciation of the great painter's work and a careful estimate of his place among his brethren. The book, which runs to 500 pp. small quarto, is admirably translated by Professor A. H. Keane. It is enriched with fifty-two wood engravings, including some of the most celebrated pictures, and contains a beautiful etching by Forberg of Velazquez's portrait of himself. The introduction gives a well-laboured sketch of Seville as a centre of art and literature; of the Mannerists, precursors of the Spanish school; of Herrera, better known to us than he used to be; and Vargas; and Pacheco. The chapter on "The Ugly in Art" has special fitness in a life of this "painter of dwarfs, buffoons, and idiots."

"Nature's Serial Story" (Sampson Low) is reprinted from Harper, and deserves reprinting. Mr. E. P. Roe tells it in a way which disarms criticism, though we sometimes shudder at a household of which even the most impulsive member can't see an American robin without crying out: "Turdus migratorius; last night not one to be seen, and now here are thousands." It's a little as if the whole Clifford family had been brought up by our dear friend Mr. Barlow of "Sandford and Merton." And it does savour of the well-known song, "Chapman's mustard is the best, Ask for it and see you get it," to be told, in the midst of a sentimental strawberry-eating. "After all, give me the old-fashioned kind. We've tried many varieties, but Triomphe de Gand proves the most satisfactory." Still, the story is a pretty one, lively told; and in the end everybody is happy, having deserved to be so.

It is sad to think that in "Half-a-Century of Music in England" (Chapman and Hall) we have all that the late F. Hueffer put together towards his projected history of the revival of music in England. Purcell's premature death, and the beginning, with Handel, of a long line of illustrious foreigners, so crushed our native music that, save in cathedral organ-lofts, we ceased to believe in ourselves. This "first," and unhappily last, "instalment" sketches the state of music in England in 1837, describes the visits of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, and, in discussing our musical future, points out the effect which "the music of the future" has had on us.

In "Prince, Princess, and People" (Longmans) Mr. H. C. Burdett has compiled an account of the public life and work of the Prince and Princess of Wales in its bearing on social progress and development. Every one knows how both Prince and Princess are and have been always ready to fill the place which our strange social machinery demands should be filled by what is called an august personage; but every one will be astonished at the amount of work done as chronicled by Mr. Burdett. Of Mr. Burdett's style the less said the better; happily the interest of the subject cannot be lessened by his way of putting it. If the Prince had revised the book he would certainly have struck out the following:—"The value of his support was well illustrated on his presiding at the annual dinner of University College Hospital, when Lady Jessop"

(Mr. Burdett means Jessel) "sent 2,000l. to endow a bed in memory of her late husband." Not even Mr. Burdett would, in cold blood, insinuate that Lady Jessel's noble gift was due to the fact that the Prince took the chair at the dinner. The appendix, giving a list of the Prince's contributions to all sorts of good works, is the best part of the volume; unhappily the visit to India (full, too, of gross blunders) is so described as to leave the impression that his Royal Highness made a great haul, "the Maharajah of Lahore (whom can Mr. Burdett mean?) giving a sword worth 10,000l.; he of Cashmere being with difficulty prevailed on to cut down his gifts from 50,000l. to 5,000l., &c." One wonders if the Prince knew anything of the state of the population out of whom the 5,000l. would be wrung.

Mr. C. L. Johnstone's "Historical Families of Dumfriesshire" (Dumfries, Anderson; Edinburgh, Menzies; London, Simpkin and Marshall) is not merely a glorification of the Johnstones, of whom, in 1581, Dumfries counted nine lairds. It is further redeemed from purely local interest by details of the Border wars, among them the capture of Annan, in 1547, due to the treachery of the Grahames and Armstrongs. The cruelties on both sides were past belief; the Chevalier Beaujeu, who had served in Muscovy, speaks of them with horror, and says one side was as bad as the other, and both "worse than the savagest Moor in Africa." It is notable that, thanks to the decay of feudalism, Edward VI. had to fight the Scotch with corps of Germans, Italians, and Spanish.

Every page of Mr. W. Westgarth's "Half a Century of Australasian Progress" (Sampson Low) deserves to be read with attention. The subject is of the highest importance, for it includes the future relations between Australasia and the Mother Country. Two little clouds Mr. Westgarth discerns in the otherwise clear sky—the extension to New South Wales of the Protective system, and the failure (he hopes temporary only) of the latest Inter-Colonial Federation Conference. New Guinea is a sore point: "there is grim irony in Lord Derby pooh-poohing the fear of foreign occupation when, only seven months after, in 1884, Germany formally annexed the northern half, including the magnificent islands of New Britain and New Ireland" (page 353). Mr. Westgarth would buy out the Dutch, and would give Heligoland in exchange for the German half. Droughts (that of three years ago killed twelve million sheep), he believes, may be mitigated by digging artesian wells, and by filling creek-beds from neighbouring river-holes—quarre stealing other people's water. He is justly severe on the frozen meat trade: the price sent back to the colonies has been only 3½d. a pound, of which only the ¾d. go to the grower; the balance paid by the consumer is shamelessly "hocus-pocussed" by the salesman. With the Chinese, he says, "Our only chance is a timely exclusion." His view of Home Rule for Ireland is important; he would give her her own Parliament, as he would give theirs to New South Wales, Victoria, &c., allowing her to send a like quota with them (say four) to Westminster. "It is really the anti-Home Rule policy," he affirms, "which is responsible for the law-breaking;" and, though he declines to say who is to blame, he notes that "the Irish get on well with all the world's people except the English." His views on an Empire peacemonger are novel and suggestive.

MINOR NOTICES.—Mrs. Molesworth's stories for children are always both entertaining and instructive, and her latest, "Great Uncle Hoot-Toot" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is no exception to this rule. The book is profusely illustrated by Gordon Browne and others.—Our young people will derive plenty of amusement in following the adventures of "Kitten's Goblins," by Mrs. Duncan Davidson of Tulloch (Field and Tuer). The authoress is equally at home with both pen and pencil, her quaint illustrations being quite a pleasant acquisition to the story—

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SALT REGAL prevents and relieves Flatulence, Nausea, Giddiness, Heartburn, Palpitation, Acidity, Feverishness, Irritation of the Skin, Weariness, Lassitude, General Debility, Diarrhoea, Dysentery. It is a powerful antidote against Blood Poisoning, Typhoid, Cholera, Malaria, and Diphtheria.

SALT REGAL, when regularly used, is a certain guarantee of Health. One draught per week will maintain health, while a daily draught will restore health to the debilitated.

SALT REGAL revives, and never depresses. Every Traveller or Voyager should carry a bottle of Salt Regal. It relieves the torture of Sea-sickness.

SALT REGAL should be used daily in every family. Invaluable in the Nursery. A boon to Ladies. Maintains a clear, healthy condition of the skin, and by purifying the system removes all humours from the body, and destroys the sources of bad complexions.

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B. H. PAUL, F.I.C., F.C.S., Analyst.
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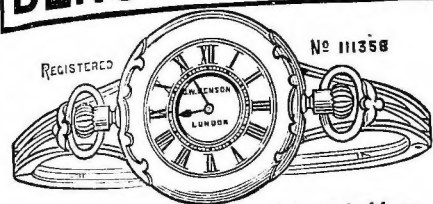


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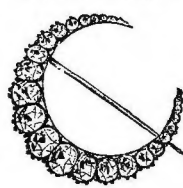
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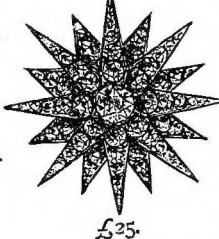
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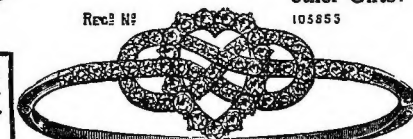
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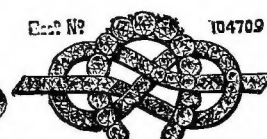
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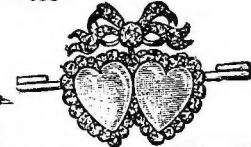
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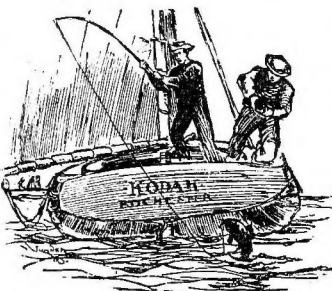


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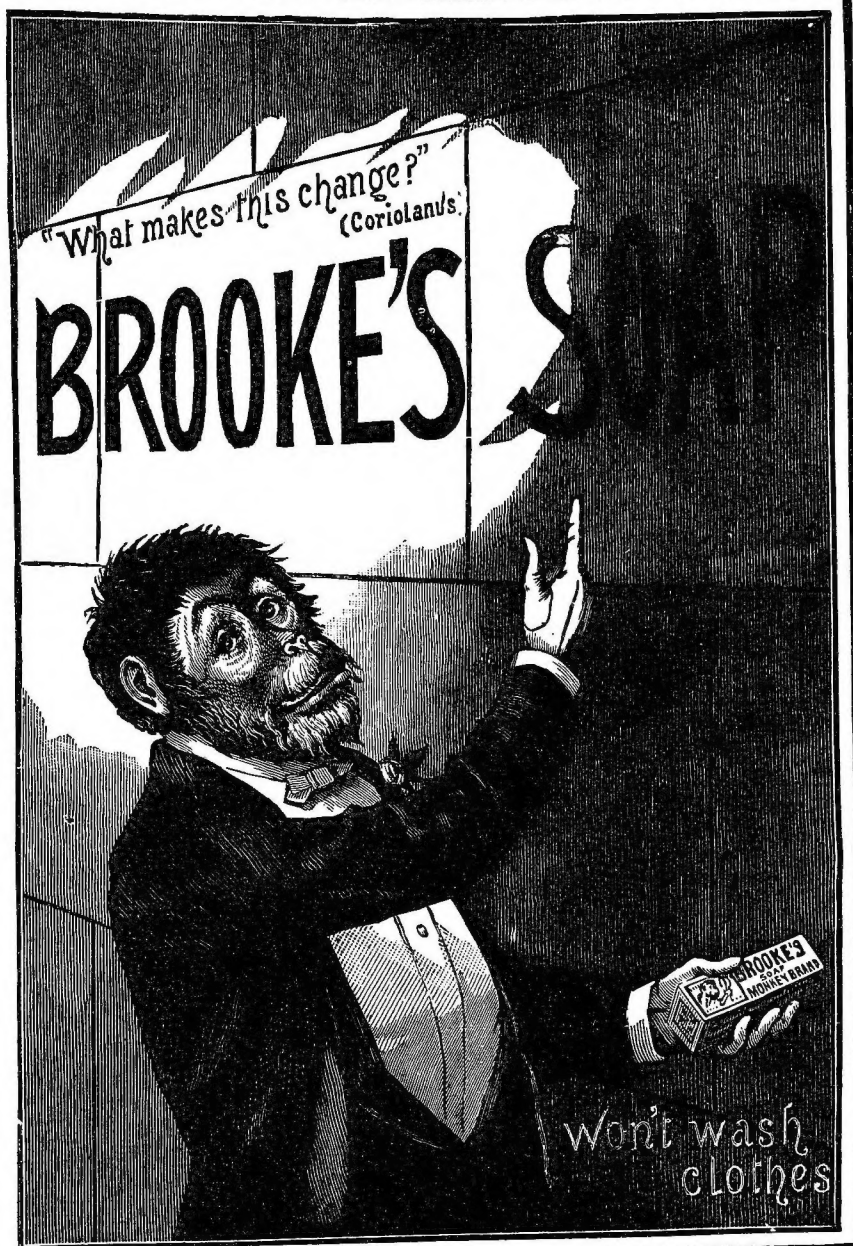
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IT FLOATS ON WATER!

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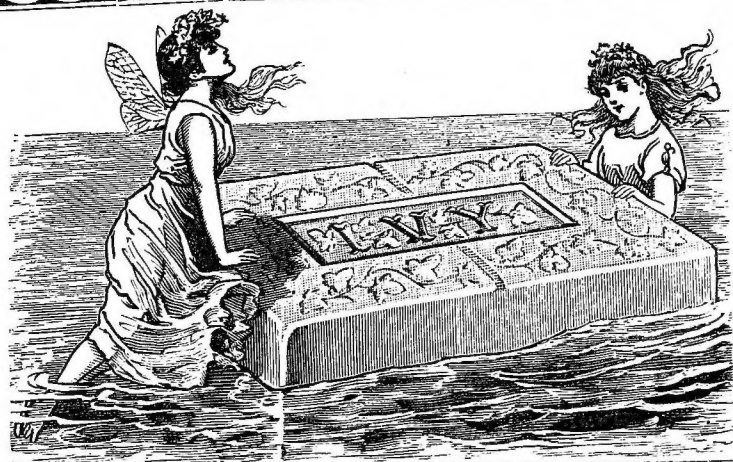
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and delicate colour, and for the varied uses about the house

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The world renowned
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SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited,
have added to their celebrated
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STIMULANTS.



EXPERIENCE shows that Sugar, Effervescing
Coloured Syrups, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark
Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy
are all very apt to disagree; while Light White
Wines and Gin, or Old Whisky, largely diluted with
Seltzer Water, will be found the least objectionable.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
Is peculiarly adapted for any CONSTITUTIONAL
WEAKNESS of the LIVER. It possesses the
power of REPAIRING and DIGESTION
has been DISTURBED or LOST, and places the
invalid on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH.

**JEOPARDY OF LIFE,
THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.**
You can change the Trickling Stream,
but not the Ragin' Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.
How important to have at hand some simple
remedy, such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check
disease at the onset! For this is the time. With
little trouble you can change the course of the trick-
ling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. I
cannot sufficiently impress this important information
upon all. Whenever a change is contemplated, let
ENO'S FRUIT SALT be your companion. When
you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, it is a real
necessity to have a simple remedy at hand, that will
answer the very best end, and in no case any harm.
The common idea when not feeling well is: I will
wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;
whereas, had a supply of ENO'S FRUIT SALT
been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all
calamitous results might have been avoided.

I USED my FRUIT SALT freely in
my last severe attack of fever, and I have every
reason to say it saved my life.—**J. C. ENO.**
HOW Kandahar was won.

DURING the late Afghan War
WE were before Kandahar
AND had been reconnoitring
THE enemy's position with
THE Colonel M—'s splendid cavalry
WHEN, to our merriment,
THE Colonel produced a bottle of
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

TAKE, he said, an old soldier's
SO to please him, we emptied the
WE certainly slept soundly,
AND awoke fresh as paint.

TWO days afterwards, the Colonel
YOU fellows laughed at me
ABOUT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT,"

BUT it was mainly through that
YOU did such splendid deeds that
PERSONALLY, said the Colonel, I
never felt better, and so say the officers of my
regiment.

AND we were ready to
ENCOUNTER half-a-dozen Ayooobs.
AFTER that the Colonel was
ALWAYS called "OLD ENO."

From "Mess Stories," by "Proteus," Published
by Simpkin, Marshall and Co.
CAUTION.—Examine each bottle,
and see the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT
SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a
worthless imitation.

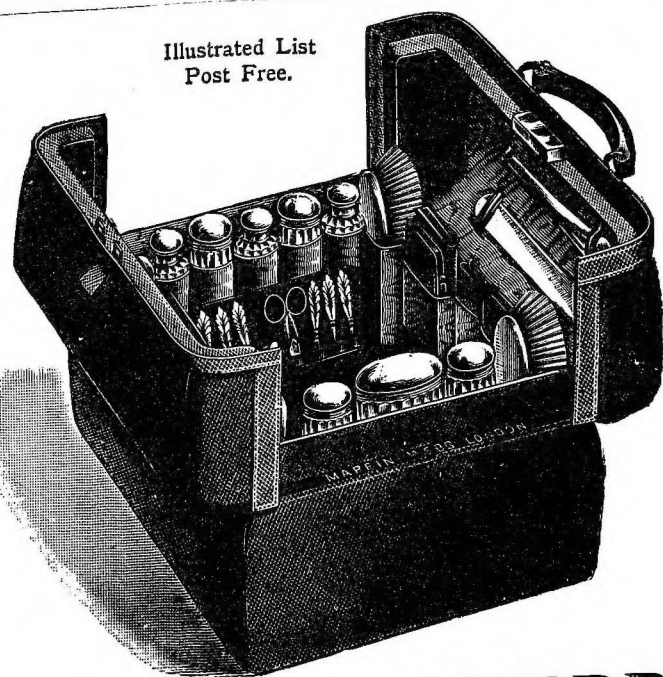
Sold by all Chemists.
Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London,
S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

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BILIOUS ATTACKS.**
A Gentleman writes: "Dec. 27, 1887. After twelve
months' experience of the value of the 'VEGETABLE
MOTO,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in
preference to any other medicine, more particularly in
bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so
effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion.
They have never failed to give the wished-for relief.
I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction
with a small glass of Eno's Fruit Salt.—Yours
gratefully, One who knows."

A NATURAL MOTO.—ENO'S "VEGET-
ABLE MOTO" (or MOTO PILL), price 1s. 1d.

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LONDON, S.E.

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